

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## A BIRD'S SONG.

THE sinking sun had streaked the west  
 With flecks of gold and crimson bars;  
 The wandering wind had sank to rest,  
 And in the cold east rose the stars.  
 The evening chimes, like glad some psalm,  
 Pealed loud from out the old church tower;  
 And o'er the valley fell the calm  
 Which broods upon the twilight hour.

Loud through the eve-wrapt, listening vale,  
 From humble bower of eglantine,  
 A blackbird trilled his mellow tale,  
 As if he sang through luscious wine.  
 By cottage, grange, and hall around,  
 Enraptured listeners lingered long;  
 All heard the selfsame fluting sound,  
 While each interpreted the song.

A little child, scarce three years old,  
 In wonder woke to visions dim  
 Of crowns and dulcimers of gold,  
 And surging strains of holy hymn,  
 In that sweet land that's brighter far  
 Than shining shores in emerald seas,  
 Where glows the lustrous evening star  
 Above the fair Hesperides.

A maiden at the moss-fringed well  
 Beside her pitcher lingered long,  
 Her soul enthralled with the strange spell  
 Contained within that mystic song.  
 For oh! to her it ever sings  
 Of love which all her being fills,  
 And of the lad the twilight brings  
 From over the dividing hills.

To child, and youth, and maiden fair  
 That bird made glad the closing day;  
 But dame and sire with silvered hair  
 Drew sorrow from its roundelay.  
 All filtered through the years of woe  
 On their hearts fell the mellow strain,  
 Waking the songs of long ago,  
 And made them sigh for youth again!

All The Year Round.

## YOUTH AND AGE.

WHEN high Zeus first peopled earth,  
 As sages say,  
 All were children of one birth —  
 Helpless nurslings! Doves and bees  
 Tended their soft infancies;  
 Hand to hand they tossed the ball;  
 And none smiled to see the play,  
 Nor stood aside  
 In pride  
 And pleasure of their youthful day.  
 All waxed gray,  
 Mourning in companies the winter dearth,  
 Whate'er they saw befall  
 Their neighbors, they  
 Felt in themselves: so lay  
 On life a pall.

Zeus at the confusion smiled

And said: "From hence  
 Man by change must be beguiled:  
 Age with royalties of death,  
 Childhood sweeter than its breath  
 Will be won, if we provide  
 Generations' difference."

Wisely he planned;  
 The tiny hand  
 In eld's weak palm found providence;  
 And each through influence  
 Of things beholden and not borne grew mild:  
 Youths, by the old man's side,  
 Their turbulence  
 To crystal sense  
 Saw clarified.

Contemporary Review.

MICHAEL FIELD.

## PASTORALE.

"Entre les fleurs, entre les lis,"  
 VAUQUELIN DE LA FRESNAYE.

ALL among the flowers and lilies,  
 Sweetly resting, slept my Phillis;  
 And, her countenance around,  
 Little Cupids gaily strayed.  
 They in airy pastimes played  
 Where heaven's image they had found.

As I worshipped all her beauty  
 With all loyal love and duty,  
 My soul whispered in mine ear: —  
 "Fool! why linger? Time that's lost  
 Oft is sold at heavy cost;  
 And, if found, is ransomed dear."

Then, in secret, bending lowly,  
 I tread noiselessly and slowly,  
 And her lips kissed coralline!  
 Tasting such delight, I cry, —  
 "In the Paradise on high  
 Such bliss have the souls divine!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

## GORSE.

BLOOM of the common, common bloom, gold  
 honey,  
 Sweet like a healthy life in every season,  
 Nature still grows thee, Gorse, regales her  
 bees on  
 Stretches of English land, wide, windy, sunny,  
 Free from the fetters of that monster, Money,  
 Big with delusive promise full of treason;  
 Harbors the wren, the fuzelling, and the coney,  
 Feeds goose and ass there, — soul too, lord  
 of reason.

Wild wealth of merry May, of dim December!  
 Swedish Linnæus fell upon his knees  
 To thank with joy the Everliving Power  
 (No scraps of lore forbade him to remember)  
 Giving such wondrous beauty to a flower,  
 To man the beauty-loving eye that sees.  
 Athenæum. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

From The National Review.

# POETRY, POLITICS, AND CONSERVATISM.

THERE are two very distinct senses in which terms that have primarily a political application may be transferred to the sphere of poetry. It is important, in this case, to keep the distinction clear; as in the one sense I do, and in the other I do not, desire to employ them. There is the sense in which such terms may be used by the literary critic, who borrows from a political in order to meet the needs of his poetic vocabulary, but who, in so doing, intends no political allusion whatever. He is engaged in examining the artistic principle underlying a work either of poetry or prose, the spirit, so to speak, which has directed its composition. Such a spirit, in so far as it has supplied a regulative force, may fairly be described as a spirit of Conservatism; whilst, if it has shown itself powerless to control, and has suffered the fancy or imagination of the writer to run riot, it may be described as a spirit of Radicalism. From this point of view, any poet whose work is constructed in obedience to certain recognized laws of style, subject matter, harmony, and metre, laws framed by the collective wisdom of previous masters of the art, is an exponent of Conservatism. Any poet who, in revolt against these restrictions, proclaims the absolute autonomy of his own will, is Radical. Let us, for instance, contrast the poetical theories of Aristotle and Wordsworth, the one stern in its limitations, the other paradoxical in its license; or the poetical work of Pope and Shelley, the one orderly, polished, dignified, the other passionate, exuberant, erratic. It is not difficult to say which theory and work are Conservative, and which Radical. Political terms, bearing a well-ascertained meaning, but a meaning by no means peculiar to politics, express our verdict better than would any other. Similarly, we might describe Gray, Goldsmith, and even, in many respects, Byron, as sitting on the opposite side of the House to Browning, Rossetti, and Swinburne.\*

\* This subject has been elaborated in the interesting series of papers on "The Liberal Movement in English Literature," contributed by Mr. W. J. Courthope to this review in 1884-5. (See *LIVING AGE*.)

But there is another and more strictly literal sense in which the terms may be applied. Poetry has an interest for the politician no less than for the critic, and poets may be classified not only in virtue of their theory of art but according to their profession of opinion. We have seen that there may be a Conservatism of poets but there are also poets of Conservatism. I propose presently to consider certain types of the latter, and to show that Conservatism, playfully supposed by some to be the infatuated delusion of a "stupid party," has, nevertheless, found its advocates among the foremost literary geniuses of our country in modern times.

The connection between poetry and politics may, at first sight, appear to be accidental in character. I shall hope to prove that it is not that, though it is unquestionably one-sided, for poetry lays politics under far heavier contribution than politics do poetry. A sober, matter-of-fact science, logical in form, and greatly concerned with figures and statistics, does not seem to have much in common with the first of the imaginative arts. Statesmen are not thought the better of for being poets. A distinguished adversary once condemned the policy of Lord Beaconsfield as suffering from the incurable taint of poetic paternity. We can remember the present Lord Lytton being made the victim of similar reproaches during his administration of India. That poetry may contribute something to politics, and especially to political oratory, is undeniable. Passages from Mr. Bright's finest speeches of thirty years ago have the true poetic ring about them, and satisfy the highest ideals of imaginative production. Even more was this the case with the eloquence of Sheil and Grattan, not to speak of the giants, such as Pitt and Burke. Cicero wrote shocking verses himself; but we may well believe the saying of Quintilian, that his diction owed much of its felicity to the study of poetic models. But in these unromantic days, when speakers must be sedate because audiences are stern, when we scarcely know of the beauties of nature because we have not time to see them, when the smoke of a thousand furnaces obscures the heav-

ens, and squalor and destitution disfigure the haunts of men; when Keats bewails to us that

Glory and loveliness have passed away,  
and Wordsworth sighs, —

But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth;

when science, the sworn foe of imagination, dissects the past, and materializes the future, assures us we once were apes and questions our ever being angels; when the founts of inspiration are dried up and the iron has entered into every soul, such phenomena are becoming more and more rare. Poetry is being steadily eliminated from public life. I can think only of two public men in England in whom the temper of the politician is graced by something of the poetic afflatus, Lord Dufferin and Mr. J. Cowen. Even abroad, and among Romance nations, where fancy, like nature, luxuriates, and where an excitable character is easily inflamed by emotional appeals, poetical oratory no longer wields its former sway. When Castelar, its typical embodiment, rises to speak in the Spanish Cortes, the galleries are thronged with the rank and fashion of Madrid. The waving of ladies' handkerchiefs accompanies the clapping of partial hands; but the voting majority on either side significantly concur that "*c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

On the other hand, the excursions into the sphere of politics made by the poet are frequent and remunerative. He is constantly overstepping the boundary line; sometimes the charms of the region that opens before him allure him onwards and detain him long; at others he has but time for a glimpse before the recall is sounded from his own lines, and he returns to his post. But in either case he carries back with him some gift from the foreign land, which he treasures as a memento, and sets up among the household gods of his soul. It may be the memory of some stirring scene, the echo of a great man's speech, or the glitter of a great man's eye, the irresistible contagion of public spirit, the struggles of an oppressed race for liberty, the obliga-

tions of patriotic service to the State. It may be simply a stirring of the well-springs of his own heart, a begetting of high thoughts and fair hopes, a confirmation of some old philosophy, or a baptism of a new.

Many of the greatest poets of the world have devoted themselves to politics in the most practical fashion, and with a degree of seriousness only inferior to that which they have bestowed upon their art. Indeed, political distinction has, in most countries, been a customary reward of literary merit. Petrarch was the chosen orator of the Italian people, the adviser of popes and emperors, the correspondent of statesmen and kings. In our own day France has created Victor Hugo a senator, America has made Mr. Lowell a minister and Bret Harte a consul. Nor has England quite escaped the infection, for a year ago our own poet laureate received the honor of a title, which was nothing less than a public recognition of his literary pre-eminence, the poetic Aristeia of Great Britain. But the number of cases is even larger in which public life has been the spontaneous choice of the poet. The world of action has extended its frontiers at the expense of the world of imagination. Fancy has fraternized with fact. Milton was the literary evangelist of the Puritan gospel. Virgil held a brief to justify, and Horace to belaud, the brand-new Roman Empire. Milton, as all men know, officiated as secretary to one who was both a king among statesmen and a statesman among kings, and dedicated the pen that had produced "*L'Allegro*" and "*Lycidas*," and was even then engaged upon "*Paradise Lost*," to the service of partisan pamphleteering. Politics made Dante a prior of Florence; politics drove him an exile from its gates; but for politics we might never have had the "*Inferno*;" his political opponents writhe to eternity in the poet's Hell. Chaucer embraced public life with a zeal that few politicians have surpassed. He was so brave a soldier that when he fell into the hands of the French, Edward III. thought him worthy of a ransom of £16, so able a diplomatist that he was employed upon secret missions to foreign powers, so ex-



cellent an administrator that he rose to high position in the Civil Service, and was returned to the House of Commons. Shakespeare could scarcely have written "Henry VIII." without a profound acquaintance with very recent politics. Homer must have taken a keen delight in the contests of the Agora, or he would not have depicted his heroes as delivering long speeches on the battle-field before they "set to." The "sweet singer of Israel" was also its foremost warrior and its chosen king. If we have not a high opinion of the courage of Alcæus, at least we know that he was a statesman, and we recognize in his poems "the earliest employment of the muse in actual political warfare." Moreover, the blot of cowardice left by him and by Horace on the poetic escutcheon is one that his successors have very effectually erased. Æschylus wielded as valiant a sword in combat with the Persians as he did a pen in celebrating their defeat. Sophocles was the colleague of Pericles in an important military command. Calderon wore successively the breastplate and the cassock. Camoens lost his eye in sea-fight with the Moors. Byron gave up his life in the cause of political freedom.

These examples, which might be multiplied without difficulty, illustrate the fascination which the profane world has never failed to exercise over even the sternest devotees at the shrine of art. And that they have been the gainers by the connection, that it has added a breadth of character and a manliness of tone to art itself, cannot, I think, be denied. I desire, however, to draw more particular attention to yet another class of poets who have been politicians of a school not less sincere, though less strenuous, than those whom I have already mentioned. The poetic temperament, whilst it has often been invigorated by voluntary contact with public affairs, has in other cases as undeniably shrunk from any practical manifestation of such alliance. But the literary manifestation has not been the less forthcoming; and among the great poets with whom we are familiar, it is difficult to pick out any who have not in some portion of their work betrayed political sympathies

or antipathies, or more often definitely espoused some particular form of political belief. Indeed, it is surely one of the necessary ingredients of a great poet that he should be a politician in disguise; that he should not so much live, or represent his creations as living, in an imaginary world, as that he should seize and portray the relationships of actual life, the dealings of men with men, and of peoples with peoples, the concerns of the many as well as the idiosyncrasies of the individual, the principles of statecraft no less than the development of character. To be great, the poet must be a teacher; and to teach he must have gained firm grip of some moral truth, translatable into common action.

To know the heart of all things was his duty,

All things did sing to him to make him wise;  
And with a sorrowful and conquering beauty,

The soul of all looked grandly from his eyes,  
He gazed on all within him and without him,

He watched the flowing of Time's steady  
tide,

And shapes of glory floated all about him,

And whispered to him, and he prophesied.

And yet this is a theory which will not commend itself to all. There are, I think, three distinct schools of opinion holding different views of the true nature of the poetic function, and reminding us, by the manner in which they are related to each other, of the Aristotelian doctrine of the mean as a halfway house between the opposite extremes of over little and over much. What the philosopher held to be true of morals, we may apply to modern theories of art. There is, first, the school which argues that no limitations ought to be placed upon the choice of subject matter by the poet. History, biography, theology, politics, science, the original designs of Providence, or the latest experiment of Darwin, all is grist that comes to the poetic mill. There is nothing in heaven or earth that is not dreamt of in his philosophy. This theory was stated in its most uncompromising form by Wordsworth in his preface to "Lyrical Ballads:"—

The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it

can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings.

A lineal offspring of this school is that accomplished band of critics who, without perhaps holding such sweeping views about the limitless range of subject-matter, yet maintain that it is by his choice of subject-matter that the poet must in the last resort be judged. Mr. Arnold, for instance, declares Wordsworth to be the third greatest English poet, and the sixth greatest poet of the modern world, because of his choice for subject-matter of "a profound criticisms of life;" and he expels Shelley from the Olympian circle because of "his incurable want of a sound subject-matter." Then there is the opposite school of thought which lays down, with J. S. Mill, that "the poetry is not in the object itself, nor in the scientific truth itself, but in the state of mind in which they are contemplated;" and which has begotten a race of critics who push this unobjectionable doctrine to irrational limits, by denying that poetry has in any sense a didactic function, and who, protesting that the poet appeals not to the understanding but to the feelings, test him by the success with which he makes this appeal. Finally, there is the school which is equidistant from both extremes, neither exaggerating the importance of matter nor idolizing beauty of form, but believing that the highest art consists in a harmonious combination of the two, and that the greatest poet is he who conveys the profoundest moral lessons in the most perfect artistic shape. All true poetry is in their eyes both intellectual and emotional, the expression of truth as well as the utterance of feeling. For them poetry not only displays an art, but conceals a philosophy.

If this be our view, there cannot be the slightest hesitation about admitting the supreme value of politics as a legitimate subject-matter of poetry. It is an old saying that what the science of ethics does for the individual, the science of politics does for the mass. The poet, therefore, who is a preacher to a world-wide congregation, can have no more fitting theme than the laws which regulate the growth and decay of nations, the principles of right and wrong writ large upon the face of society. It is not for him to

sit as God, holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all.

He must study not only man but men; he must come down from the mountain height and cease "to sit a star upon the sparkling spire," for he has a mission among his fellow creatures as sublime as ever sent the missionary into exile or the martyr to the stake.

So far, therefore, from any apology being required for those poets who have proclaimed a political philosophy in their writings, it is very largely by so doing that they have established a claim to be considered among the first exponents of their art. And in the long run it will be found that the most permanent factor in poetic excellence is not that which enchains the fancy of contemporaries, but that which addresses itself to the understanding of all time. The moral element will outlive the purely artistic, for the truth of beauty is a less obvious and therefore a less convincing consideration than the beauty of truth. At the same time we cannot help being struck with the extent of the limitations to which the poet, in his character as a politician, is subject. They are limitations imposed both by the times in which he lives, and by the country of which he is a citizen. Periods when progress languishes, or is suddenly arrested by the icy touch of despotism; countries where life is stagnant and great thoughts do not inspire nor great deeds occupy the people,—these may produce poets, but they will not produce great poets, still less will they produce poets who are great politicians. The noblest poetry of the world has been generated from the throes of vast political or social revolutions. It has often been born in anguish; it has sometimes been baptized in tears. Scarcely had Greece thrown off the yoke of the barbarian, and emerged triumphant from the agonizing struggle, when her muse burst forth in all the magnificence of perfect maturity. The one great popular movement which shines like a star in the dark canopy of the Middle Ages, was not begotten into the world without itself begetting Tasso. And no sooner did the darkness of that long night end, broken up and shattered by the splendid dawning of a new world, than there appeared upon the scene a Spenser and a Shakespeare. Lastly, when, not a century ago, the spirit of Revolution again moved upon the face of the waters, there sprang up in her track, like the fabled warriors from the dragon's teeth, a glorious band of new heroes, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats.

De Tocqueville, in his masterly treatise,

devoted a chapter to the comparison of poetry as produced among aristocratic with that produced among democratic peoples. Without accepting all his conclusions, some of which are drawn from what I cannot help thinking to be an erroneous view of the nature of poetry,\* we shall yet agree with his main contention that, while aristocracy predisposes the mind to the contemplation of the past, democracy unfolds to it the boundless vistas of the future; that the former suggests to the poet the delineation of incidents in the lives of peoples and of individuals, while the latter projects his gaze upon the larger destinies of mankind. Only we must not commit the mistake of supposing the two classes to be mutually exclusive. Poets in an aristocratic age have indulged in as bold visions of the future, and in as lofty aspirations for the improvement of the race, as any of the sons of a republican era. Conversely these have not always found their democratic leanings incompatible with a reverence for antiquity, or a regard for the sanctity of tradition. Some poets there are, no doubt, whose political attitude has been analogous to that of the extreme wings in Continental assemblies. There have been poetical Jacobites and poetical Jacobins; there are old Tories among poets, and there are new-fangled Radicals. Sir W. Scott would bitterly have resented any doubt being cast upon his irreproachable political orthodoxy. No one would suspect Mr. Swinburne of even the faintest respect for the past, or accuse him of the gross crime of preferring fact to theory. But that which in a democratic age, such as our own, is the first of Conservative principles, viz., the simultaneous recognition of the rights enjoyed by the past and the duties enforced by the future, the desire to build up the fabric of progress, but to build it with the stones of experience, the vindication of the law of continuity in public and private life—is also the note which has been struck with the greatest force by the greatest poets of the time, by those who have most successfully blended imagination with reason, and have presented the noblest philosophy in the guise of the most enchanting art. The spirit of the French Revolution gave birth to Wordsworth, and the spirit of the new society which that revolution generated gave birth to Tennyson. And yet

from this democratic environment these two stand out as the firm champions of Conservatism. They are the great twin brethren who watch over the fortunes of the commonwealth, and who preach to us the gospel of an exalted patriotism, and the divine cult of freedom.

I have just spoken of Wordsworth and Tennyson as champions of Conservative principle. But before proceeding any farther I must attempt to disarm a criticism which will at once be levelled against me, and which might appear to invalidate my position. It may be objected that Wordsworth was, for some years, an ardent believer in the French Revolution, that he sang its praises and condoned its crimes, and passages might be cited from his earlier poems admitting of a Radical interpretation. It might also be objected that Tennyson once declined to be put forward, as the nominee of the Conservative party among the students, for the lord rectorship of Glasgow University, and that in the session of 1884 he voted with the Liberal minority in the first division on the Franchise Bill in the House of Lords. On the other hand, in reply to these criticisms, I might equally point out that, in the case of Wordsworth, the illusions of youth, illusions shared by many a wiser brain, were more than atoned for by the convictions of maturer age, and I might add that in the latter half of his life the poet was as unbending a Tory as the Duke of Wellington. Whilst in the case of Tennyson, it would be open to me to retort that on an earlier occasion he had declined a similar invitation coming from the Liberal section of the students, and that the obligations of party feeling cannot be very strong when in the course of a year they only extract from the new-made legislator a single vote. But objection and reply appear to me to be equally irrelevant; and I should prefer to dismiss, as far as possible, from consideration the private life and actions of either poet, as being altogether beside the point here raised, which is this, that the political theory contained in the general body of their writings, and deducible therefrom by an examination which it is in the power of any person to apply, is in each case identical with the creed held by the modern Conservative, and distinct from that held by the modern Radical party. If this be so, then these two poets, the brightest literary ornaments of our age, may justifiably be claimed as poets of Conservatism.

There are certain obvious differences

\* "Poetry is the search and the delineation of the Ideal. The object of Poetry is not to represent what is true but to adorn it, and to present to the mind some other imagery." (*Democracy in America*, cap. xvii.)

in the position and in the manner of each. Both have been singularly receptive of the best influences of their times. But the times themselves, though the concluding portion of the one overlapped the commencement of the other, are separated by a gap that represents a completed cycle of human experience rather than a score or more of years. All the best work of Wordsworth was produced at the beginning of the century, when the problem upon which men of thought and action were alike engaged, and which a few years before had seemed so manifold in aspect, and so fruitful in promise, had been narrowed down by the resistless march of events, and by the sudden reappearance of a military and political phenomenon unknown in Europe since the age of Cæsar, to a single issue, but that of the most stupendous importance. It was no longer a question of extending the liberties of peoples; their very existence was at stake. The visions of reformers shared the same fate as the schemes of demagogues; social progress dropped for a while below the political horizon; every nerve was strained to repel the overwhelming danger, every heart thrilled to the electric call of patriotism. It was under these circumstances that Wordsworth, by inclination and gifts a priest of nature and a poet of peace, a man

Whose daily teachers had been woods and  
rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills,

but transformed for the nonce into the patriot statesman, stepped forward as the Tyrtæus of his countrymen, and produced that imperishable series of sonnets which are the proudest monument ever raised to the cause of national honor and civil freedom.

When Tennyson commenced to write, the call for patriotism had not vanished; from time to time, as at the outbreak of the Crimean war, it was heard with all its own resonance. But the supreme necessity had passed away along with the danger that had evoked it; men's thoughts were diverted into other channels; social questions, long kept in the background, forced their way to the front; a new era opened, in which, at the same time that the barriers of political and social disabilities were thrown down, the veil was rent asunder that had long shrouded from men's eyes the ark of science and the godhead of invention. Within the short space of twenty years the Reform Bill was

passed, slavery abolished, a new Poor Law enacted, a system of national education set on foot, the Corn Laws repealed, penny postage introduced, the illimitable resources of the steam engine and the electric telegraph placed in the grasp of nations. The merchant fleet of Great Britain swept the seas; the British flag floated in every port; the oracles of war were dumb, and Mars had hidden his horrid head; the keenest eyes were dazzled with visions of a world-wide peace, a reign of righteousness, and a universal brotherhood of nations. It was a remark first made, I believe, by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, that Tennyson has been in a peculiar degree the interpreter of his age. He shared the feelings and echoed the aspirations of a progressive epoch, he preached the gospel of an unconquerable optimism. These were the circumstances that proved to him a source of inspiration. But through all, how sure was his judgment, how superior in him was sense to sentiment, how speedy his detection and how severe his rebuke of those who perverted a love of peace into a worship of Mammon, and prostituted it till it became a national dishonor, or who saw in the growth of popular power an instrument wherewith to work their selfish ends, the most cursory glance at his writings will show.

The difference in manner between the two poets is also considerable. If Wordsworth carried his head in the skies, he too often allowed it to be seen that his feet walked the base earth. No great poet is better at his best, or so bad at his worst; and this criticism, which holds good of the mass of his work, is particularly true of that portion of it which has a political bearing. He could transmute his subject matter into the purest gold, or debase it by a most inordinate mixture of alloy. The sonnets are magnificent, and, after those of Milton, superior to any in the English language; but the political reflections strewn through "The Prelude" — that unfortunate experiment to epizice (if the word may be allowed) the moral and intellectual history of an individual — are often presented in a form as bald and unpoetical as their matter is really pregnant and sound. On the other hand, Tennyson as a statesman is invariably at his best. For not only does he bring to bear upon his subject a broadness of conception and an elevation of tone not inferior to the sonnets of Wordsworth, but his splendid powers of imagery and his unique mastery of diction are here seen in their fullest

perfection. An anthology of Tennyson's political utterances would be no unfair test of his poetical ability.

These differences, however, of manner and surroundings are balanced by a similarity of opinion which is quite extraordinary. Passages from the two poets can be set side by side, covering the entire field of politics, and exhibiting, often with an approximate identity of expression, an absolute identity of thought. Firstly, in the domain of foreign affairs, Wordsworth and Tennyson have jointly advocated a foreign policy in strict accordance with the best traditions of Conservatism. Its four distinguishing notes are the love of country, the preservation of freedom, the suppression of tyranny, and the maintenance of empire.

I. — The passionate love which Wordsworth bore to his country, and which blazed forth all the stronger from his transient disloyalty to her at the first outbreak of the French war, has so many eloquent witnesses of his own creation, that from their number it is almost invidious to make a selection. In one passage, however, love for country is most characteristically blended with that love for inanimate nature which, in Wordsworth, underlay every other form of feeling: —

O Britain, dearer far than life is dear,

If one there be

Of all thy progeny

Who can forget thy prowess, never more  
Be that ungrateful son allowed to hear  
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.\*

Compare with this the striking trilogy of poems by Tennyson, bearing no title, but beginning "You ask me why," "Of old sat Freedom," and "Love thou thy land," which, fitly grouped together, constitute the noblest philosophy of politics ever penned. To the true citizen all his fellows are

English natures, freemen, friends,

Thy brothers and immortal souls.

Similarly it was the brightest jewel in the crown of the lamented Princess Alice that she was "England's England-loving daughter."† The spirit of Wordsworth never thrilled with a more genuine ecstasy than at the prospect of his country,

Resolving (this a freeborn nation can)  
To have one soul, and perish to a man,  
Or save this honor'd land from every lord  
But British reason and the British sword.‡

\* Thanksgiving Ode, 1816. Compare the sonnet beginning "Here on our native soil," and the verses beginning "I travelled among unknown men."

† Dedicatory Poem to Princess Alice.

‡ Poems of National Independence, part i., No. xxv.

In 1852 Tennyson cries with exultation, —

A people's voice! We are a people yet!\*

The stricken and tortured hero in "Maud" reawakes at last to sense and life, with the thought of common feeling with "a loyal people shouting a battle cry," and recognizing that in a career of action, and in the discharge of patriotic duty, exist the surest antidotes to the croakings of despair or to the working of the poison of selfishness, he exclaims: —

We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we  
are noble still,

And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the  
better mind;

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at  
the ill;

I have felt with my native land, I am one with  
my kind,

I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom  
assigned.

It is interesting to remember that when this poem appeared quite a shriek was raised against its author for having published a panegyric of war, and given the lie to his own previous forecast of "the thousand years of peace." The word Jingoism had not then been invented, or we may be sure that he would have been branded with this terrible stigma. As it was, ingenious critics, reading between the lines, detected everywhere the spirit of the slaughter-house, and even saw in "the broad-brimmed hawk of holy things" a portrait of John Bright. It would be as unreasonable to call Wordsworth a Jingo because in 1803 he wrote, —

No parleying now! In Britain is one breath,  
We are all with you now from shore to shore!  
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death;†

or Mr. Gladstone a Jingo because between the years 1880 and 1885 he plunged the empire into war in every quarter of the globe. "Maud" appeared in the second year of the Crimean war, contemporary events forming a convenient framework within which the poet, at the same time that he incited his countrymen to strenuous exertion in the conflict could elaborate his universal doctrine of self-renunciation and devotion to a higher cause as the best medicine for a mind thrown off its equilibrium by the shocks and storms of life. "Maud" should be read in close connection with "The Two Voices" and "Locksley Hall." A singular unity of purpose runs through these poems; the same moral

\* Ode on the Death of Wellington.

† Poems of National Independence, part i., No. xxiii.



is pointed in each, a moral which we hear elsewhere, even from the old-world lips of Odysseus, —

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,  
As tho' to breathe were life.\*

II. — It is unnecessary to do more than allude to the contributions made by either poet to the praise of freedom. Each, under the inspiration of so glorious a theme, tunes his lyre to its loftiest strains. Wordsworth's sonnets on the extinction of the Venetian republic, "the eldest child of Liberty," on the subjugation of Switzerland, on the feelings of the Tyrol-ese, and after leaving Italy in 1837, may be read side by side with those of Tennyson on Poland and on Montenegro. Wordsworth's cry "O for a single hour of that Dundee!" † and "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!" ‡ is re-echoed in the famous stanza of "Maud" beginning "Ah God! for a man with heart, head, hand." But it is well worthy of notice how, in both cases, the Liberty at whose feet the choicest garlands are laid is civil rather than political liberty, liberty resting upon a moral and spiritual basis, and finding expression in the unfettered life of Englishmen, in the capacity for self-expansion and in the free play of individualism which they enjoy, and not in any mechanical product of political systems. Wordsworth speaks of this liberty as

A gift of that which is not to be given  
By all the blended powers of earth and heaven,§  
and declares that

by the soul

Only the nations shall be great and free. ||

This is the self same "sober-suited Freedom" by which "a man may speak the thing he will," which in this, the land of her choice, "slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent," and

out of which there springs

Our loyal passion for our temperate kings. ¶

It is the very liberty which Liberalism once fathered, which Radicalism now disowns, and which Conservatism must henceforward adopt.

III. — Hatred of tyranny is, after all, only another aspect of love of freedom, and those who extol the latter cannot be

suspected of a very friendly sentiment towards its most conspicuous enemies. 'We might not, however, be prepared for the singular intensity of feeling with which both Wordsworth and Tennyson have thrown themselves into the lists and assailed the tyrants of their respective times. To Wordsworth Napoleon I. was "one man, of men the meanest too,"\* "an adventurer" upon whose head he imprecated "curses, scorn, and hate." † Tennyson saw in the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. a monstrous fraud "and a public crime," and refused "to spare the tyrant one hard word." ‡ Upon Russia he has, on more than one occasion, emptied the full vials of his indignation. But those who took him so severely to task for speaking of "the icy-hearted Muscovite," "that o'ergrown barbarian in the East," § and "giant liar," || have now, perhaps, formed an altered opinion of the poet's insight.

IV. — The finest political utterances of both writers have, however, been consecrated to a yet loftier theme, viz., the defence of the integrity and unity of the British empire. Imperialism, that heinous crime of which any patriotic statesman is now accused, but by which the sordid soul of the neo-Radical is never stained, has found in Wordsworth and Tennyson literary champions as potent as ever, in the sphere of action, were Palmerston or Beaconsfield. Each poet is profoundly impressed with our national heritage of greatness, and with the responsibilities that it entails. But Tennyson's vision claims a wider scope; he grasps the larger union of the sons of Britain in every land, and sees, in prophetic anticipation, a world-wide confederacy of the Anglo-Saxon race. For our definition of imperial duties we may take the following passage from Wordsworth: —

It is not to be thought of that the flood  
Of British freedom, which to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed with pomp of waters unwithstood,  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous stream in bogs and  
sands

Should perish, and to evil and to good  
Be lost forever. ¶

And compare with this the stirring lines of Tennyson, first published in 1852, re-

\* Ulysses.

† Sonnet in the Pass of Killiecrankie.

‡ Poems of National Independence, part i., No. xiv.

§ Ode on a Celebrated Event in Ancient History.

|| Poems of National Independence, part i., No. xi.

¶ Ode on the Death of Wellington.

\* Poems of National Independence, part i., No. xxii.

† Ibid., part ii., No. xxi.

‡ The Third of February, 1852.

§ Sonnet on Poland.

|| Maud, part ii., st. vi.

¶ Poems of National Independence, part i., No. xvi.



vised and reissued in 1882 as a patriotic song, and since then fallen into most undeserved oblivion:—

To all our statesmen, so they be  
True leaders of the land's desire,  
To both our Houses, may they see  
Beyond the borough and the shire!  
We sailed wherever ship could sail,  
We founded many a mighty State.  
Pray God our greatness may not fail  
Through craven fears of being great!\*

For the defence of colonial federation we may appeal to the second verse of the same poem, and to the indignant refutation of the Separationist school in the epilogue to the "Idylls":—

The loyal to their crown  
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love  
Our ocean-Empire, with her boundless homes  
For ever-broadening England, and her throne  
In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,  
That knows not her own greatness—if she  
knows  
And dreads it we are fallen.

There remain two subjects of supreme political importance, upon each of which we derive a most explicit philosophy of conduct from our guides. One is the true theory of statecraft in domestic politics, the other the dangers to which democracy is exposed, and by which the national interests may be jeopardized. As regards the former, we are taught by both the doctrine of temperate and rational progress, guided by prescription, but inspired by hope. More reliance is to be placed upon the warnings of experience than upon purely speculative ideals; a pound of theory will kick the beam when weighed in the balance against an ounce of fact; statesmanship must start from the existent and work up to the abstract, never abruptly severing the link with the past; *a posteriori*, and not *a priori*, is the right method of reasoning in politics. A better *résumé* of the creed of Conservatism could not be desired than the following:—

Fair Land! by Time's parental love made free,  
By Social order's watchful arms embraced;  
With unexampled union meet in thee,  
For eye and mind, the present and the past  
With golden prospect for futurity,  
If that be revered which ought to last.†

Love thou thy land, with love far brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.

\* Compare also Wordsworth's sonnet beginning "England, the time is come," with its parallel, the lines beginning "Is this the tone of Empire?" in the conclusion to the Idylls of the King.

† Poems suggested during a Tour in 1883, ii.

Wordsworth sang that "perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound,"\* Tennyson urges us to "regard gradation" and to be "not swift nor slow to change, but firm." Both pleaded with a noble force the old-fashioned observance of principle in politics. The character of the happy warrior is a manual of public conduct for the use of the statesman. An almost identical model was before the eyes of Tennyson when he described the prince consort as

Not swaying to this faction or to that,  
Nor making his high place the lawless perch  
Of winged ambition, nor a vantage ground  
For pleasure.†

Both poets mingle with their reverence for the past a reasonable confidence in the future. We may compare a sonnet beginning "Despair who will," written in the depth of Wordsworth's own depression, with the sanguine belief in the issues of social evolution, so often expressed in "Locksley Hall" and cognate poems.

But neither Wordsworth nor Tennyson are for a moment blinded by optimism to the elements of danger and antagonism lurking everywhere in our political system, and capable of being utilized by unscrupulous spirits for sinister ends. The worship of Demos as all-powerful and all-wise, practised by men who affect to cringe where they intend to dupe, is mercilessly exposed. Wordsworth bewails as lost the people who

to the giddy top of self-esteem  
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream  
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest  
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppressed,  
And every man sit down as Plenty's guest.‡  
And Tennyson protests—

But pamper not a hasty time,  
Nor feed with crude imaginings  
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings  
That every sophister can lime.

They see the perils of faction, of political opportunism, of legislation on abstract principles. They deplore the tendency to crush the individual, and to contract the range of personal independence. And in one passage Tennyson lets fall a menace which, when we consider the novel machinery introduced by Mr. Chamberlain into political life, and its pernicious effects thereupon, we are almost surprised, though we are profoundly relieved, that he has never carried out. For

\* Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order, iv.

† Dedication to the Idylls of the King.

‡ Elsewhere Wordsworth ridicules the fallacies of Socialism, vide Sonnets dedicated to Liberty and Order, i. vii.

Should banded unions persecute  
Opinion, and induce a time  
When single thought is civil crime,  
And individual freedom mute,

he threatens to seek refuge in some foreign but more congenial clime. It would indeed have been a crowning achievement for the caucus, if, in addition to its other and manifold sins against morals and society, it had banished the poet laureate from the shores which echo with its infamy and his fame.

To sum up, we recognize in Wordsworth and Tennyson the purest examples in modern literature of high-minded and patriotic Englishmen. They preach to the nineteenth century a philosophy of robust thought and stalwart deed, compacted of that fibre by which English character has always been distinguished, but not divorced from that faith in humanity and that sympathy with its hidden yearnings, without which they would be but unfaithful mirrors and untrustworthy mentors of their age. Their poetry has added a grace to politics; and their politics have dignified poetry. Above all, these two, who together have worn the laurel crown for a period verging on half a century, the most progressive epoch in the history of the human race, are dear to Conservatives as having resolutely held and nobly expounded the creed which that party believe to be essential to political and national salvation.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
FORTUNE'S WHEEL.  
CHAPTER XXXVII.

MISS MORAY'S IRISH CHAMPION.

WE are doomed to endure much needless misery — none the less real that it is so absolutely gratuitous. Leslie had had fair reason for the apprehensions that had made his voyage to the south a prolongation of torments. But landing at Penang, he learned, to his delight, that the terrible telegram had been absolutely baseless. The matter for it had been traced to some Dutchman at Sarambang, eager to do an injury to the Sumatra Company. If the sender in any degree believed in his news, the wish must have been father to the thought, for at the time things at Sanga were tolerably tranquil. The immediate relief was immense; second thoughts in the reaction of feeling were less satisfac-

tory. For the company's agents at Penang had received recent and more reliable news which told that troubles were brewing in the settlement. The resident was sanguine that they could be easily repressed; but he talked of a trip to Sarambang, that he might seek a personal interview with the sultan.

As Leslie could not borrow the wings of a bird, he had to make arrangements as to his passage. Meantime, as we have the advantage of him, and can transport ourselves to the scene of his anxieties, we may follow the fortunes of Moray and his daughter.

Moray's first letters, as it may be remembered, were full of hope. He saw no cause to disbelieve in a great future for the settlement. It was no Poyais scheme, no "wildcat" speculation, like the Eden of General Scadder. But he foresaw considerable trouble before arriving at the ends towards which he was determined to push forward resolutely. For himself, he had braced all his energies to a work which he confidently counted on accomplishing. In this beginning of a new life he had regained his former spirits. The days that had been dragging by so wearily before he left England, were well-nigh forgotten with the slow liquidation of the bank claims. He had left means for meeting all probable calls; and the loss of the fortune he had passed a lifetime in amassing was already fading from his memory. He had his daughter with him — new interests were opening before him, with higher aims than mere trading profits and personal aggrandisement. When he had tried his hand at philanthropy among the masses of eastern London, though with a full purse and practically unlimited credit, he had been but one in a great army of workers — if not a mere private in the ranks, at most a non-commissioned officer. Now he was a politician, a statesman, an autocratic administrator, ruling a little principality numbering some eighty thousand souls. Nor, with the example of the rajah of Sarawak before him, need his influence be limited to the company's domain. He might and he would put down piracy; he would send messages of peace and goodwill among his weaker, though warlike, neighbors; he might do much to accelerate the process of civilization that had been barely begun in the sultanate of Sarambang. With those prospects of usefulness opening before him, colored by a noble if an unavowed ambition, perhaps Moray, settling down in his residen-

tial seat at Sanga, was happier than ever he had been before.

His first impressions were only confirmed on further acquaintance. Coal and copper mines had already begun to be wrought; and it was certain they must soon yield remunerative returns. Chinese immigrants were already swinging the cradles at the gold washings with very satisfactory results. But the real wealth of the settlement was in the climate and the teeming richness of the soil, wherever the jungle and the forest had been cleared from the banks of the river and its tributaries. To say nothing of the spice groves that scented the air, the natives were busy already in the sugar and the cotton plantations, which stretched in glossy or snowy shrubberies over alluvial soil, fertilized by immemorial accumulations of leaf mould. And as a consequence of the security his predecessor had already created, little clusters of dwellings had been rising everywhere on piles in shady nooks and angles along the river, with the rickety landing-places of planks, from which the cultivators shipped their produce.

So far, all was satisfactory. The people were naturally well disposed to a government which gave them the unaccustomed blessings of peace and plenty. They could sow their seed with easy minds, now that they were sure of harvests and of markets for the harvests; they could lie down in quiet under their bamboo roofs, with no fear that the village might be in a blaze before morning. So far, then, all was well; nevertheless Mr. Moray soon discovered that this very tranquillity held the germs of trouble for him. He had to master the politics of the settlement for himself; for though his subordinates might be honest, they were certainly dull. Happily he knew nearly enough of the Malay language to be able to communicate with his copper-colored subjects; at all events, he knew more than enough to make it impossible for interpreters to play tricks with him. And speedily he began to find that in what he had fancied a comfortable seat, there were thorns thrusting themselves through the cushions. On the one hand, the robber tribes in the neighborhood doubly resented the new prosperity of the Sanga folks. In the first place, they were very naturally jealous; and in the next place, they were furious at being restrained from their prescriptive rights of reiving and pillage. More than once or twice they had tried the old familiar game; each time the gallant Chamberlain had beaten

them back or baffled them. The death of the firm English chief had given them fresh courage; and they had been eager to profit by the interregnum. While, on the other hand, there were Europeans and native princes as well, all ready to utilize their discontent. The sultan of Sarambang was still friendly; he had a heavy stake, as has been said, in the wellbeing of the company. But the sultan of Sarambang was a weak Oriental, and Oriental manners prevailed at his court. He had a baker's dozen of brothers; and as he knew very well, any one of the cadets of his house would have gladly poisoned or assassinated him. He had not the nerve for a cleansing of the palace, or a domestic *coup d'état*, which would have effectually quenched the malevolence in a "blood-bath." Astute foreign traders, presumed to be in the Dutch interest, were intriguing with the malcontent faction and subsidizing it. The malcontents were in intimate relations with the tribes of discomfited pirates, already weighing the chances of a successful descent upon Sanga; and these tribes in their turn were believed to be in communication with the scattered inhabitants of the forests of Sanga, who had gained nothing as yet by the English annexation, but who were restrained from their favorite pursuits of robbery, fire-raising, and head-hunting.

That was the situation as Moray saw it in a month, and it may be added that he was not far from the truth.

He thought matters over deliberately, and promptly made up his mind. Like the stoker of the Mississippi steamer in the wild Western ballad, he saw that "his duty was a dead-sure thing," and thenceforward nothing could turn him from his purpose. Nevertheless, already he painfully realized that the sweets of his new post were to be mingled with bitters. He had to break what she would regard as bitterly bad news to his daughter, and steel himself against her prayers and her tears. She had come with him to this barbarous country at the back of the world, on the tacit understanding that they were not to be separated. But now his duty tore them apart; there was no help for it. When he told her that he must make an expedition immediately to Sarambang, and that he must go alone and leave her behind; to the girl, who was already beginning to give herself over to the sensuous influences of the balmy air, the soft beauties of nature, and the tropical *bien-être*, it was like a flash of lightning out of a cloudless sky. She would have

cared little could she have accompanied him; but on that point he was adamant, and she could not gainsay his arguments.

"Do not pain me needlessly, Grace, by saying more. God knows how gladly I would take you with me! Had the Company's steamer been here, I might possibly have done so. As it is, it is utterly out of the question. There is no accommodation for an English lady in these native boats — and from a native boat you must land at Sarambang; and I would never take my daughter to a barbarous court."

Put to her in that way, Grace could say no more; and by this time she knew her father too well to insist. But he was bound, besides, to say something of the reasons for his going; and soften them down as he might, they were far from reassuring. The very fact that he left her alone, argued his apprehension of some urgent danger. Not that Grace thought very much of herself, — and indeed she was too innocent to apprehend the worst. On the contrary, trying to forget herself and her fears, she set herself to cheer her father.

"Don't make yourself needlessly uneasy about me, papa. I dare say I shall get on very well in your absence. I *would* come out with you, you know, and I am very glad that I came."

But though both Grace and her father wore brave faces, it was all they could do to bear up before the separation. No one of his warlike ancestors had given proof of greater courage than Glenconan, when, with a set face that was pale as resolute, he stepped into the great proa that was to carry him to Sarambang. As for Grace, she had bidden him farewell before breaking down; she had stood waving her hand and her handkerchief as long as the little fleet was in sight — for his own boat was escorted by sundry others, all of them armed to the teeth; and then in a storm of sobs and tears, she had hurried up to the roof of the residency. Had she had any thoughts but for a single man, she might have taken comfort from the looks of the native guards, who seemed to understand her desolation and sympathize with it. Afterwards, indeed, she recalled their demeanor to some purpose. From the roof, she followed the fleet with tearful eyes, as it was propelled by the sturdy strokes of the sweeps, round the reaches of the winding river. She seemed to see a happy omen, as it slid, comparatively smoothly, over the seething bar; and still she watched it as, standing out to sea, it

steered its course for the dim western headland. The taper masts and yards were covered with light clouds of billowy matting; the sails filled slowly to a favoring breeze; and at last it melted away in the distance, like a flight of butterflies flickering in the sunset.

She went to bed to weep, and toss, and wear the night away with broken prayers. Never had she dreamed of feeling so utterly desolate, so absolutely unprotected. "Oh, if Ralph were only here!" she moaned to herself again and again; and little did she fancy that very day Ralph had been chafing on the wharves of Penang and cursing the channel that separated them. She saw the night through with those broken prayers, and she rose from the bed next morning a different girl. Not that her very natural apprehensions were calmed. On the contrary, she realized more clearly than before the dangers that might threaten her, and very likely she exaggerated them. But she had all the pluck of the soldiers of her race, whose spirits had risen naturally in critical circumstances. She wished from the very bottom of her heart that she were a man, — though that, unfortunately, was past praying for. Being a woman, however, she might do what no man could do so well, and use her helplessness as a shield against possible dangers. As she had said in the letter to her friend Julia, she believed in the chivalry of the Malays; well, she would put it to the proof, and do her utmost to assure their loyalty. Then, if troubles should break out when her father was away, she might animate the garrison in the defence of the settlement.

Though she had set herself diligently to the study of the Malay grammar, as yet she had got no further than its ABC. But she was one of those women whose looks and smiles say much; and she had, moreover, a feminine interpreter in whom she could trust. Moray, after mature reflection, had decided on not hampering his daughter with an English maid. But they had picked up a Chinese polyglot at Penang, who spoke broken English fairly well, and was much more fluent in the Malay tongue. Already the girl had become fondly attached to her young mistress. And now Grace and her almondeyed *suivante*, who followed her like a shadow, were to be seen playing the parts of Eveline Berenger and Rose Flammeuse before the defence of the Garde Doloureuse. Indeed there was a sinister resemblance in the circumstances which more than once suggested itself to Grace. The

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part, be it remembered, seemed to come naturally enough to Miss Moray. The daughter of the governor had always appeared to the Malay soldiers as a bright-humored being from another world. And now, what with her winning smiles and kindly words—what with largesses of food and fruits and liquor,—there was hardly a man of them who might not have been easily intoxicated into running *amok* for the sake of her beautiful eyes. She had done well in losing no time in taking her precautions and using the only weapon she could handle. There were spies in the settlement in the pay of the Company's enemies; and the news of the resident's departure with good part of his fighting force, spread like wildfire among the many who were nearly interested in it.

The late Colonel Chamberlain had been a strong man; but so much could not be said for his secretary and chief subordinate. Mr. Briggs, no doubt, was an excellent man of business, and would have made a capital confidential clerk in the City. He was honest as the day, and thoroughly at home in the mysteries of book-keeping and bills of lading. He had drifted from Alexandria southwards to Singapore, and so on to Sumatra; but he was as much abroad in those islands of the south as a Malay might be on the roof of a metropolitan omnibus. Grace lost patience altogether with the smug and kindly little gentleman, who was always overpoweringly civil, and who would have been paternal had she permitted it. He lived in each day as if there need be no to-morrow. He never seemed to see an inch beyond his small snub nose; and he did his work thoroughly, conscientiously, and well, like an entomologist peering after beetles, who looked at life through the lens of a microscope. He was left as acting resident, as managing director—all the rest of it. After all, he was not only the senior Englishman, but the best educated man in the settlement; and Moray, who hoped that everything was safe till his return, could hardly help himself. With much searching of heart, he had confided his unprotected daughter to the special care of Mr. Briggs; and the worthy little clerk had undertaken the charge as he would have undertaken any other duty in the routine of his engagements.

For a week or so after her father's departure, all had gone well, and nothing had occurred to increase her anxieties. Shaking herself gradually free of her fears, as she began to hope for his speedy

return, she was sauntering on the little lawn between the residency and the river late one evening, and in more buoyant spirits than usual. The serene beauty of the tropical night, the stars that had already begun to flash and sparkle, though the sun had scarcely gone down in a blaze of crimson, the silent sweep of the great bats through the scented air, the droning hum of the broad-winged beetles,—all contributed to soothe her. Where everything was so peaceful in the star-spangled twilight, it seemed impossible that there could be trouble impending. Yet she might have remembered that nature, like man, may wear a mask, and that in the dusky solitudes of those silent woods were venomous serpents and prowling jaguars.

A rustling in the bushes near may have reminded her of the fact. She started with a half-suppressed shriek; for though a brave girl, she was but a woman after all, and besides, there might be very real danger. She was but partially reassured, when a man, and a white man, stepped out of the shrubs. She knew him, as she knew by sight the few Europeans in Sanga; and this "Sergeant" Rafferty, as he was styled, was one of the most conspicuous of them. She had spoken more than once to the man, and made sundry inquiries about him, for he had rather interested her. There had been a good deal of romance in his career; and as he said himself, the devil a bit of use was there in his trying to keep his secrets, for they would always come out when the drink went in. The drink had indeed been the bane of Mr. Rafferty, who might otherwise have been a creditable member of the little community. As he further said, it was the drink that had tumbled him down-stairs from a decent position; he had always holes in his pockets, so that the halfpence would be forever rowling out; it was the drink that had brought him down to this Sumatra, which he took to be pretty near at the bottom of the world; and whether he was to lave his bones there or fall any farther, devil a one of him either knew or greatly cared. In fact, neither knowing nor caring summed up his character; but he had the invaluable quality under present circumstances of constitutional intrepidity or recklessness.

The sergeant stepped forward with a military salute. It was noteworthy that the man, usually so ready to talk, waited respectfully for the lonely young lady to address him; for in spite of his foibles and vices, Rafferty was much of a gen-



tleman. And knowing what he came to say, he behaved far more respectfully than if she had been under the escort of her father, the resident, who had at Sanga almost the power of pit and gallows that had once been possessed by his forefathers in Glenconan.

As for Grace, she had no fear of him, but she felt a foreboding that he was the bearer of evil tidings. She longed to know, yet dreaded to ask; and seeing what was passing in her mind, Rafferty no longer hesitated.

"I should beg you to pardon me, me lady, for staling on you unawares; but sure this is no time for standing on ceremony. I was bint upon spaking without them Malays knowing anything of it; and so I have been kaping a lookout upon the grass here from a bit of a boat on the wather."

"What is it? Do speak, Mr. Rafferty!"

"And sure, miss, what else would it be that I came for? But don't you be botherin' and making yourself unaisy — it may be little after all. I know nothing of that jabber of theirs, bad luck to it! and it will be time enough to cry out when we're hurt."

It was a very Irish piece of comfort, considering that the man had clearly come to warn her of dangers in the hope that they might be prevented. It appeared that the acute Mr. Rafferty had seen reason to suspect that something was being plotted somewhere among the natives. The Malays of the settlement were in a state of excitement which they took little pains to conceal. Scouts had been sent up the river in the long, snake-like light craft; messengers had been coming and going through the jungles. He opined that an attack was threatened, and he greatly doubted whether "thim niggers were to be trusted," who formed the staple of the garrison.

Grace, after questioning the man, shared his alarms and his doubts as well. The Malays had seemed to be friendly towards herself; but nevertheless they might be anxious to be rid of their European masters, and have an understanding with warriors of their own blood and color who might be threatening Sanga from without. With the resident and half his fighting force away they could hardly have a better opportunity. The natural person she would have consulted in such an emergency was Mr. Briggs, and thinking half aloud, the name escaped her lips.

"Is it Briggs then?" queried Mr. Rafferty, in tones of infinite contempt. In his disgust he spat upon the ground, and forthwith became covered with confusion.

"I ask your pardon, miss, from the very bottom of my heart; but if I had thought Briggs had anything bigger than the sow of a newly hatched chicken, I would never have come to you."

Grace could not help smiling, her anxiety notwithstanding. If she did not say so, she was much of Mr. Rafferty's opinion, — though, as will be seen, they did the little man injustice. She rapidly reviewed the situation in her mind. If an attack on the place were really intended, she felt that the sole chance of safety was in the loyalty of the native settlers. After all, they had reason to be satisfied with a government which promised them peace as well as wealth.

Rafferty was disposed respectfully to differ.

"The Lord, he knows well that they're fond enough of money, come by it how they may. But as for *pace*, they prefer fighting to it any day; and why wouldn't they?" he added, with judicial candor. "I come from Tipperary myself, and I like them none the worse for that."

Indeed, Sergeant Rafferty was the sort of man who would have smoked his pipe on a powder-barrel, and found the situation lend additional flavor to his tobacco. His sole idea in coming to Grace seemed to have been to volunteer to defend her and the residency with his single arm. But he was open to conviction, and she succeeded in persuading him that it was improbable that any single man could protect four sides of an extensive square against assailants practically innumerable.

"I might be murdered, sure enough — not that it signifies; but what would become of you? Sow of the blessed St. Patrick, what will we do thin, at all, at all?"

"Will you do what I ask you, Rafferty?"

"What else did I come for?" You may count on Jack Rafferty, body and spirit, till your father comes back, and beyond that."

"God grant he might come back! Well, Rafferty, you know where to find Matusin?"

Matusin was one of the former chiefs of Sanga, and now occupied a semi-official position as head man of the native community. In short, it was through Matusin that the resident directed great part of the domestic politics.



"I can find the blayguard fast enough. Unless the devil has stirred him up to do mischief, he'll be sitting smoking and drinking all the night with the rest of them. Bedad, but it's they nigger chiefs that have the fine time of it!"

"Well, will you go straight to Matusin from me? show him this ring of mine, and ask him to come to the residency here, and to come at once. I don't think there is any danger for you; and if there were, I am sure it would not hinder you from doing my errand."

Mr. Rafferty snorted contemptuously at the word danger, and did not even deign a reply to that part of the speech. "But how if he would refuse to come?"

"I don't think that he will. Whatever his intentions, he is strong enough to act as he pleases. Go on my errand at any rate. We must leave the rest to God."

Rafferty took the ring and made a dart at the bushes, through which lay the nearest way to his boat. Then, struck by a thought, he hurried back. "But if he should refuse to come, and should keep howd of me, you will never believe that I desaved you, miss?"

"No, no, Rafferty. I trust you as I would trust my father, were he here."

"Then by this and that"—and Rafferty dropped on one knee with instinctive chivalry,—“by this and that, and till I have seen you safe through this blessed business, not a drop of drink shall pass my lips, were they as cracked as the ‘craythur,’ as they call it, on the mountain behind.”

And Grace felt very grateful to the man for the pledge of devotion, though she could scarcely appreciate all the sublimity of his sacrifice.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### A MODERN EVELINE BERENGER.

WHEN she had despatched her messenger, Grace felt anxious enough. More than she dared to think of depended on the coming interview; for that it would be granted, she did not doubt. But in the mean time there was something to be done in the way of preparation. The sending the ring had been a stroke of diplomacy; it was the symbol of an authority she did not possess. Her real strength, as she felt, was in her weakness, in her youth, and her unprotected situation. She hoped to appeal to the Malay's chivalry as well as to his self-interest. So she made hasty arrangements to set her house in order; she had the state room disposed with an

eye to effect; and last, though by no means least, she made certain alterations in her toilet. Then she warned her faithful maid to be ready to act as interpreter, though Matusin had some slight knowledge of English, and so, to a certain extent, she could communicate with him directly.

Her suspense did not last long, and it was just as well; for when she had nothing further to busy herself over, she began to feel painfully nervous. The feeling passed away, when, looking out from the verandah, she heard the plash of the oars in the stream, and saw the flashing of scores of torches. Matusin was coming to make his visit in state. Was he coming as a master to dictate his terms, or as the loyal burgomaster of Sanga, to pay his duty to the resident's daughter?

She glided back from the verandah into the room and waited; she could hear the wild beating of her heart. It seemed a good omen that her visitors were landing in dignified silence; and now that suspense was drawing to an end and the critical moment approached, her courage rose to face the occasion.

The hangings of matting were drawn aside, and Matusin stood in the doorway. The Malay had a certain air of dignity; he was somewhat past middle age, rather a bulky man, and his dignity was set off by his dress and draperies. He wore the usual costume of a chief of his station and wealth—a dark-green velvet jacket, the collar stiffened with heavy tracery of gold thread; loose trousers of dark cloth, likewise edged with gold, and a flowing *sarong* of the soft dark plaid that is woven by the women in their native looms. A couple of *krises* with richly chased handles were thrust through his girdle. And immediately behind this stately apparition,—and a cheering sight it was to Miss Moray, for it seemed to imply a friendly understanding with the natives,—was Mr. Rafferty, evidently on his best behavior, but nevertheless winking intimations of encouragement.

Had she known all that was passing in her visitor's mind, she might have been less satisfied. Indeed, Matusin was in two minds rather than one, and her message had reached him in the nick of time, when a decision was trembling in the balance. The Malay was chivalrous in his way, and courageous to boot, but at the same time, like most Orientals, an accomplished hypocrite. He was full of graceful observance, and almost obsequious deference to the resident's daughter;

while he was thinking whether it were not probable, that, himself aiding and abetting, she might not be a slave and a captive within four-and-twenty hours. Had she shown signs of feebleness, her fate might have been sealed. But Grace's natural courage had been animated by the belief that she could count upon Matusin's support and friendship; and in the reaction of her spirits, she spoke with a confidence that did not fail to produce its effect. Matusin was a well-informed and intelligent man, and he knew something of the tenacity with which Europeans kept their hold on any place they had once touched with the tips of their fingers. He knew the sultan of Sarambang favored the white strangers; and for himself, he would gladly perpetuate a state of things which had greatly increased his wealth, if it had diminished his personal consequence. Grace's confidence began to gain upon him; he fancied the girl could never have shown such spirit had she not reason to know that her father was at hand with powerful succor. Matusin had a rather formidable fighting force at his disposal, in a stockaded town; moreover, he had old allies and acquaintances among the armed bands that were threatening it, and he pretty nearly came to the conclusion that it would be well to stand by the English.

So, from being ceremoniously reverential he became blandly confidential, and told the stately young lady nearly all he knew. Certain of the forest tribes in the Sanga territories, stirred up by agents and strengthened by bands from beyond the frontiers, had determined to make themselves masters of the settlement either by arrangement with the inhabitants or by assault. They said, too—and Matusin was inclined to believe it—that a piratical fleet from the territories to the southward was mustering for their support. So much Grace gathered, partly from the chief's broken English, partly from the interpretation of her handmaiden. Then in turn she begun to speak with an energy and cogency of argument which surprised herself. In seeming to trust implicitly to Matusin's loyalty, she appealed strongly to his self-interest. When she remarked that should their enemies get possession of the place, he would infallibly be pillaged sooner or later, it was very evident that he understood her, and dared not say nay. Then she spoke of the speedy arrival of her father; of his courage and generosity; of the deep revenge he would take on any one who should play

him false or injure his daughter; on the rewards he would freely lavish on the faithful friends who should defend her. I do not say that her charms and her commanding manner weighed with the Malay chief as much as her arguments; but undoubtedly they had no small influence on him. By the Prophet and the holy stone, by all the most solemn pledges binding on his countrymen, he vowed that Sanga should be defended till the return of the great white sultan, unless—and the gesture that ended the sentence implied—unless the assailants should pass over his corpse. Grace thanked her native champion, and dismissed him with the graceful affability of a princess born in the purple.

Rightly or wrongly she believed in him, and so far she felt greatly relieved. At the same time, it was no light matter to be left there in her loneliness, looking forward to the probability of a bloody assault, and a succession of skirmishes or battles to be fought out by savages. And even should the assailants be repulsed from the settlement, if there were truth in the rumors of the gathering of that piratical fleet, it might come from the southward to the aid of their enemies before her father could appear from the north. And yet, by the way, if Moray knew what was happening at Sanga, he might surely obtain succor from the sultan.

Shaking off her terrors as best she could, and trusting herself to the God of the helpless, she determined to do all that could be done. There was no reason to despair, but there was urgent necessity for action. Within an hour one of the swiftest proas belonging to the company, and manned by men whom Rafferty believed he could answer for, had been despatched to Sarambang with letters for her father.

She went through the form of going to bed, but she was up again before the larks, or the birds that answer to our larks in these southern latitudes. Under the guard of Mr. Rafferty, though she made him leave his arms behind, for she was resolved to show absolute confidence in the natives—"Divil a wan of me would thrust them," soliloquized her escort, as he concealed a knife and a couple of revolvers in his ample shirt-bosom—she went the round of the straggling town. She had every reason to be satisfied with what she saw. Matusin was clearly preparing to defend himself in earnest. He had set gangs of his people to work on the stockades, strengthening the stakes

and building up the breaches. The women were cutting down the rank weeds and clearing soil from the bottoms of the ditches; the men were stacking piles of ammunition near some half dozen of light field-pieces and howitzers that grinned here and there out of embrasures in low earthworks. But what showed more than anything else that the Malay chief meant fighting, was the measures that were being taken immediately above the town. Where the Sanga River contracted into a narrow channel, running between steep banks overhung with shrubbery, a great tree was being felled on either side. One of them came down with a crash as she reached the spot, sending the showers of spray into her face, and forming an abattis of foliage impracticable to any boat, beneath the huge trunk that spanned the stream by way of a rough sylvan flying bridge.

"Bedad, but we should be safe in that quarter anyhow!" exclaimed Rafferty; "and thim barbarous niggers must have the hides of their alligators if they find their way through the bushes there, even in open order, without laving both skin and flesh behind."

For eight-and-forty hours there was no great change in the situation. Incidents and excitement there were in abundance, with perpetual "alarms," as they say in the stage directions of the old plays. That the beleaguering savages were abroad with fire and sword there could be no manner of doubt. Boats came shooting down the river, bearing homeless fugitives wailing piteously for the relatives who had been slaughtered under their eyes or carried away into a captivity worse than death. Confirmatory evidence came in the shape of the mutilated corpses that floated down the stream, to be brought up by the branches of the improvised abattis. The fugitives told tales of sacked villages, of flames spreading far and wide through their crops and their orchards, where everything was dry as tinder after a protracted drought. Grace shuddered as she listened to the horrible stories; with a woman's sympathy she did all a woman could do who knew nothing of the speech of the fugitives, to relieve the destitute and to console the bereaved. But all the same, in the practical turn of the heroism which felt bound to preserve the settlement for which her father was responsible, she neglected no opportunity of impressing the moral of those events on Matusin. If the enemy remorselessly plundered the miserable peasants who had

neither dared nor tried to defend themselves, how would they deal with a man who was notoriously rich, and who had identified himself with the hated occupation of the English? But Matusin, having once taken the leap, was like the willing horse which needs no spurring. He knew now that in the event of the place being taken he had little mercy to expect,—that he must sink or swim with the handful of Europeans.

During the daytime things were comparatively tranquil; but through two successive nights the dusky starlight was made terrible by sights and sounds that kept the garrison on the alert. Scarcely had the sun gone down before there was a descent of flotillas of boats on the upper reaches of the river. Thanks to the felled trees that blocked the water way, these flotillas were safe from any counter attack. And each of the boats was illuminated by a fire in a brazier; on board of each was one or more war-gongs; and each night these infernal illuminations and diabolical concerts were provided for the excitement of the inhabitants of Sanga.

It was strange to see how differently the handful of Europeans was affected by the unfamiliar dangers that threatened them. There were men who might have been brave enough in an ordinary way, when blended in the rank and file of a regiment, who became absolutely helpless in their fear of this barbarian onslaught, as certain savages of those forests are paralyzed in presence of the python. The whites had been drawn back into the residency, and employed in strengthening its defences by way of a citadel; though some of them who knew something of serving guns were told off to the field-pieces on the first line of defence. So that Grace had every opportunity of studying their characters, which she did, very much to her own surprise, as if it were a problem with little personal interest for her. In fact, what with excitement and want of sleep, she was living in a factitious state of exaltation, though her brain was clearer and her resolutions were more prompt than she had ever known them before.

She remarked that the volatile and hare-brained Mr. Rafferty, when the immediate work of provisionally fortifying the residency was done, had become almost phlegmatic. Though always ready to spring to attention when she came near, though he would follow her with the fidelity and jealousy of a favorite dog, yet at other times he would smoke cheroots with

his hands in his pockets; he was lulled into tranquil slumbers by the discord of the rebel gongs; and as he might have said himself, he seemed to be "blue-moulded for want of the bating he was very likely to get."

But if Rafferty's demeanor surprised her, she was still more astonished by the behavior of Mr. Briggs. The little man had as little *amour propre*; and when she told him, with some hesitation, of the important arrangements she had made without consulting him, he had not stood for a moment on his dignity as nominally the deputy governor. So, as the best of women might do, she of course took advantage of his weakness, and simply gave him something like peremptory orders to come under the shelter of the residency.

"As it is to be a sort of inner citadel of the defence, Mr. Briggs, you will be safe there, if you are safe anywhere."

Had a crushed worm turned under her slipper, and, speaking like the ass of the prophet, expostulated against being trodden upon, she could scarcely have been more taken aback than when Briggs showed a will of his own, and determination.

"You have taken over the charge of the settlement and the residency, Miss Moray, and I do not blame you. You may be more competent than I am, and I dare say you may have as good a right. I see that you can do much with Matusin and his Malays, and therefore I said nothing. But your father at least left the cash-box and the state papers in my charge, and no fear of consequences shall induce me to be parted from them."

"But why should you, Mr. Briggs?" exclaimed Grace, greatly touched. "I ought to have considered your feelings more, perhaps, but I had no idea you felt so strongly. You can bring the money and the papers with you, you know; they will be safer in the residency than anywhere else."

"Pardon me again, madam," said the little gentleman, by no means soothed, and with more formality than before. "Even if I could find trustworthy bearers to transport what money there is—and much of it is in silver, and consequently bulky—the papers are in the fire-proof safe that Colonel Chamberlain ordered out from Cannon Street. It is built into the brickwork, and it is out of the question moving it."

"Of course; but my father has left you the key, I suppose. Bring the papers to

the house here, and we can bury the money in the garden."

"As it is probable that there will be a conflagration in the settlement to-day or to-morrow, the place of those important papers is in Chubb's patent fire-proof safe. Should they perish there, I cannot help it; and I think the Malays will have trouble in picking the lock. Should they be lost or destroyed elsewhere, I should be justly held responsible. Ah, miss," went on the little man, as he warmed up, "you thought I was a coward, not worthy of a word or a thought; and so perhaps I may be. You might have thought still worse of me had you known all the misery I have gone through from the sound of those abominable gongs. But I do know my duty; I know how I earn my salary, and my place is by the safe and the cash-box. The Malays may tear me limb from limb, or burn me at a slow fire, as they have done to better men on smaller provocation; at least I shall die at my post, and you shall see that a clerk may be a martyr."

"And a hero, Mr. Briggs," returned Grace, with a smile that went to his heart, through the tears that wellnigh blinded her. "One thing is, that should you die as you say, none of the rest of us will be left to mourn for you. But if we live, as I believe we shall, and see brighter days, be sure that I for one shall do justice to your heroism."

In such a state of things suspense could not be greatly prolonged; and it was just as well, since human nerve-power has its limits. That afternoon Grace's spirits involuntarily fell; excitement was sinking down into intense depression. So it was more or less with the rest of the Europeans; for the heavens and the very air seemed pregnant with ominous portents. The murky atmosphere had been thickening all the day, and by the evening was overcharged with electricity. Black banks of clouds, gathering over the sea, had been shifting inland, till the bright sky was hidden behind a lowering canopy, which seemed to rest on the tops of the tallest cocoanut palms. Sea-birds had been floating landward with the clouds, either flying low in the unnatural silence, or occasionally uttering a plaintive cry. The air was hot—hot—and as yet there was no sign of rain; and those who watched the signs of the weather would have welcomed the threatened deluge, were it only to draw away impending conflagration, for it seemed as if one spark might set everything in a blaze.

The fire came before the water. Grace, wandering between her rooms and the verandah like a restless spirit, dropped involuntarily into the nearest chair, and covered her eyes with her hands; while her maid, though used to tropical thunderstorms, was sending out shriek on shriek. The strange stillness had been suddenly broken by a roar over the roof of the residency, as if several tons of dynamite had exploded right over the thatch. The deafening peal, if peal it could be called, which sounded like the simultaneous discharge of the world's parks of artillery, was accompanied, rather than preceded, by a blinding blaze of light, that flashed home to her brain through shut eyes and crossed fingers. Then after that appalling salvo, the cannon of the heavens began to play, in dropping discharges at irregular intervals; and once, confused as she was, she could distinctly distinguish the crashing and shivering of timber on the lawn under the windows. How long she sat, with swimming brain, in the prostration of terror and soul-mastering awe, she never knew. She was roused from her stupor by Rafferty bursting into the room, without going through the ceremony of knocking — though indeed, had he opened the door with a grenade, it could hardly have made much difference. Nor was the appearance of that faithful follower calculated to reassure her. The devil-may-care Irishman was pale as death, and muttering invocations to the Blessed Virgin. Still the presence of the man helped to bring her to herself. She found strength to stand upon her trembling limbs; and reaching out a hand to seize his arm, she staggered back to the verandah. After all, as she tried to tell herself, she had never been afraid of English thunder; and were it not for nerves that had been painfully overstrained, she would not have been frightened now. At another time indeed, and had her father's arm been around her, she might have admired the tremendous magnificence of the spectacle. One moment there was a black darkness that might be felt; the next, the veil would be rent as by the mighty hand of the invisible and omnipotent, and the lacery of each leaf and twig stood out in a lurid illumination that might have come from Hades, or from anywhere between heaven and hell. And as she stood and gazed and trembled, after a wilder peal a brilliant meteor, shooting swiftly across the night, pitched under a mighty areca-tree on the lawn, and seemed to *ricochet* in rippling electricity over the river.

"May God be good to us all!" ejaculated Rafferty, through chattering teeth; and then, remembering that he was the sworn champion of the lady who still leaned on him, he went on — "Not that we of me cares much; and after all is said and done, miss, them devils outside will never stir in this weather. May the saints forgive me for spaking of devils!"

As if in answer to him, a preternaturally long lull was broken by sounds that seemed insignificant to those that had gone before; and yet they were ominous of a more terrible danger. There came a clashing of the gongs and a shouting of war-cries from the Malay posts; and as the clamor would occasionally sink and fall, Grace fancied she could hear them answered from the distance by something like faint echoes.

Mr. Rafferty had no doubt on the matter. The wild Irishman had sharp ears; and now that he realized a danger that was material and tangible, Richard was himself again.

"I spoke too soon, miss — and just like me! I might have known the devils would be at home, and abroad too, in their own particular element of fire and sulphur. Luckily, there's little to choose between our friends and them, and our niggers have got the stockades and the guns before them. Anyhow, it is high time I was laving you."

"But your place is in the house here, Rafferty."

"And so I will be in my place when the attack comes this way; but in the mane time, the fun is up the river, and Mister Mathieson may have his hands full. I'll just lave Jackson in charge, and be back again, if need be, in a pig's whisper."

"You are right; we must show ourselves to the Malays at first. Nay, it is no use your objecting; I am going with you to Matusin. I can come back with you."

Rafferty lost no time in protesting, as a more prudent and responsible individual might have done. He felt, besides, that protests would be idle — and there he was right. Miss Moray was submissive to her father, but would have her way with everybody else. In five minutes they had given certain directions; they had crossed the lawn, and Rafferty had handed the lady into a boat. Pulling steadily against the stream, in lightning that lighted the clear water to its depths, in five minutes more they surprised the Malay chief. His admiration of the heroic English girl was extreme, though he had little leisure



to express it. As his eyes lighted up to give her a welcome, Grace felt that her visit had been well timed. It was certain that the Malays would fight more stanchly for having seen that she exposed herself to danger with indifference. But all the more easily she yielded to the joint expostulations of the chief and Rafferty, and withdrew to the shelter of a hut on a little rising ground in the rear of the attack and defence. Thence, from a "front place" beneath a cluster of feathering palms, she could see all that was to be seen.

Not that what was to be seen was much. There was "more cry than wool," more noise made than damage done. The opposing forces, separated by the fallen trees and the impervious jungle, exchanged provocations and missiles, without the possibility of coming to close quarters.

"Ach, sure, thin," remarked Rafferty, who had come back to her in disgust, "for all the fine show they made, coming out in the thunder, they are but braggarts after all. It was not worth turning out, with the chance of getting wet to the skin, to see nothing more than a solitary nigger with a spent musket-ball in his instep. They can be no great captains that are against us; and I'd back Mister Mathieson against them any day."

As to putting his money on Mr. Matusin, Rafferty might have been right; but he had underrated the strategy of the beleaguering forces. Though the noisy attack was kept up, he escorted Miss Moray back to the residency. The storm had pretty well passed over, and the danger seemed to have passed with it. Breathing a heartfelt prayer of gratitude for a double escape from danger, she sank back into the chair she had quitted some hours before, and ordered her servants to provide Rafferty with refreshments.

Prayers can never be misplaced, but the form of this one was rather premature. I do not think I have dwelt before on the topography of the town of Sanga; but it may be mentioned now that the residency had been built rather with an eye to commercial advantages and beauty of situation than to strategical considerations. Sanga, in fact, was meant for a trading town, not for a fortress; and the residency stood on a reach of the river, in a receding back angle of the stockaded works. It was surrounded by lawns, by gardens and orchards; and beyond, the jungle came nearly up to the stockades. It is true that the jungles were so thick

that they might have been regarded as an additional protection, even against such assailants as the Malays of those forests.

Grace, then, was lying back in her chair, and Rafferty, after having apologized for the familiarity with an indifferent assumption of bashfulness, had begun vigorously to handle a knife and fork, when the young lady, doomed to an ascending gamut of sensations, sprang a second time out of her seat. This time it was no noise from the heavens that she heard; the sound seemed rather and unmistakably to come from the opposite quarter.

The beleaguering chiefs, having assured themselves of the difficulty of forcing the abattis, had ordered a feigned attack on it. The real onslaught was to be directed against two other places, and one of these was the residency. But if there are miscalculations in the combinations of scientific warfare, barbarians are still more likely to miss connections. The force that was to "swarm up" to the residency was made up of men from three mutually jealous tribes. One of the bands had gone astray; a second had been brought to a deadlock in a sylvan *impasse*; and the third, in their pride and triumph at having arrived, had forgotten all their savage sagacity and prudence. They had reached the stockade, and were scrambling over it unobserved, when the foremost of them began to whoop and to halloo. The untimely demonstration gave the alarm to a native guard who had been bivouacked between the residency and its outworks. The friendly Malays, seizing their weapons, fell hastily back upon the house, which had been provisionally fortified against the probabilities of disaster. So that the natives, backed up by the European reserves, were ready to make a good fight of it under cover.

Yet the assailants were so audacious, and so reckless of their lives, that they might have made their way into the house notwithstanding a stubborn defence. They crept forward, through bushes which ought to have been cut down, to the very foot of the balconies. More than one of them actually tried to climb the pillars which supported the verandahs of the first floor. Grace, peeping downwards through the jalousies, looked down into fiercely gleaming eyes and rolling white eyeballs. Then the eye would be eclipsed, as a death-shot or a stab from above struck the owner; and he would disappear with a dull thud in the dimness, rolling backwards in the agonies of death. But the



attack was not effectually repulsed till Rafferty set himself seriously to direct the fire of a rocket-tube. Then the natives were seized with such superstitious terrors as they had never experienced through the worst of the storm. They shrank back from these missiles, which seemed to follow them and search them out like sentient beings, through the very labyrinths and intricacies of the jungle. There was a panic and a "save who can," and the onslaught for the time was a failure. When day broke on the battleground, nothing was to be seen but a few fallen and mangled bodies, some of them still breathing. But Grace's sense of comparative security was sadly shaken, and she felt that when the attack was again renewed on the residency, she would be in the very forefront of the battle. Nor was it only or chiefly for herself that she feared. Should her letter have miscarried, or should her father miss the messengers, returning with the weak force he had started with, he might run unconsciously into the arms of the enemy. Nothing, indeed, was more likely; yet what could she do but pray, and strive to hope?

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From The Contemporary Review.  
THE STORY OF THE BAB.

WHO or what is the Bâb? This question will probably be suggested by our title to not a few readers. The word — meaning, in Arabic, "a gate" — is the title of a hero of our own days, the founder, if not of a new religion, at least of a new phase of religious belief. His history, with that of his first followers, as told by M. le Comte de Gobineau in his "*Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale*," presents a picture of steadfast adherence to truth (as they held it), of self-denial, of joyful constancy in the face of bitterest suffering, torture, and death, as vivid and touching as any that are found in the records of the heroic days of old. We have been accustomed to claim it as an argument for the truth of our Christianity that its believers have been strong to suffer martyrdom for its sake. But here we have not men only, but tender and delicate women and little children, joyfully enduring torture, "not accepting deliverance," for the sake of the faith that was in them. But our purpose is not to philosophize or to moralize, but to tell the story. Here it is.

Among the crowd of pilgrims who flocked to Mecca in the summer of 1843 was a youth who had then hardly completed his nineteenth year. He had come from the far distant city of Shiraz, where his family held an honorable position, claiming, indeed, to trace their descent from the great Prophet himself. Thoughtful and devout from his childhood, Mirza Ali Mohammed had zealously and regularly practised all religious duties considered binding on an orthodox Mussulman. He had received a liberal education, and while still a mere boy had eagerly examined and weighed every new set of ideas with which he came in contact. Christians, Jews, Fire-worshippers — he conversed with them all, and studied their books. But the study which the young scholar pursued with special delight was one that seems to have a peculiar charm for the Asiatic mind — that of the occult sciences, and especially the philosophic theory of numbers with the mysterious meanings attached to them. Up to the time of his visiting the shrine of the Prophet there had been no indication of any departure from the faith of his fathers. But this pilgrimage, instead of confirming his faith in Islam, had a quite contrary effect. While still in the holy city, and still more on the return journey, he had begun to confide to a select few views which attracted and delighted them, not more, perhaps, by their breadth and freedom than by the vague mystery in which they were still wrapped.

His decisive breach with the old faith was not far distant. Tarrying at Bagdad on his way home, he turned aside to visit Koufa, a shrine almost as sacred as Mecca itself. Here Ali, the brave and faithful son-in-law of the Prophet, had fallen by the hand of the assassin; and amid the silence and desolation of the ruined mosque the young Mirza passed many days in meditation and mental conflict. Should he proceed in the path that seemed opening before him, the fate of Ali might, most probably would, be his own. Were those new ideas that were filling his mind — was that place among his fellows to which perhaps he aspired — worth the risk? He must have judged that they were, for from that time he gave no sign of wavering or doubt.

Still journeying homewards, Mirza joined, at Bushire, a caravan in which he made many disciples.

Arrived at Shiraz, his first overt act was to present to his friends his earliest written works. These were two: a jour-

nal of his pilgrimage and a commentary on a part of the Korân. In the latter the readers were amazed and charmed to find meanings and teachings of which they had never dreamed before.

From this time he began to teach more publicly; and day by day larger crowds flocked around him. In public he still spoke with reverence of the Prophet and his laws; while in more private conferences he imparted to his disciples those new ideas which were, perhaps, not yet very clearly defined in his own mind. Very soon he had gathered round him a little band of devoted followers, ardently attached to himself, and ready to sacrifice wealth, life, all, in the cause of truth. And throughout the great empire men began everywhere to hear of the fame of Mirza Ali Mohammed.

There was much in the young teacher himself, apart from the subject of his teaching, to account for this rapid success. Of blameless life; simple in his habits; strict and regular in all pious observances, he had already a weight of character to which his extreme youth added a tenfold interest. But in addition to these things, he was gifted with striking beauty of person, and with that subtle, winning sweetness of manner so often possessed by leaders of men, and to which, more than to the most weighty arguments, they have often owed their power. Those who knew him say that he could not open his mouth without stirring hearts to their depths; and even those who remained unconvinced agree in saying that his eloquence was something beyond conception.

Ere long, Mirza assumed the title by which he has since been known throughout Persia — the Bâb — that is, the door, the only one through which men can reach the knowledge of God. It may be well to give here an outline of what the Bâb did teach.

He believed in one God, eternal, unchangeable, Creator of all things, and into whom all shall finally be reabsorbed. He taught that God reveals his will to men by a series of messengers, who, while truly men, are not *mere* men, but also divine; that each of these messengers — Moses, Jesus, Mohammed — is the medium of some new truth, higher than that brought by the one who preceded him; that he himself, the Bâb, though claiming divine honors while he lived, was but the forerunner of one greater than he, the great revealer — “he whom God shall manifest,” who should complete the revelation of all truth, and preside at the final

judgment, at which all the good shall be made one with God, and all evil annihilated.

One of the most marked and singular characteristics of his system is the prominence given in it to that mysterious and fanciful theory of numbers which had always had so great a charm for him. Taking various forms of the name of God — *Ahyy*, meaning “the giver of life;” *Wahed*, “the only one;” or that which is a most sacred formula, *Bismillah elemna elegdous*, “in the name of God, highest and holiest” — he shows that the letters composing each of those names, taken by their numerical value, make up the number nineteen. This he therefore concludes is the number which lies at the foundation of all things in heaven and earth, the harmony of the universe, the number which must rule in all earthly arrangements. The year should have nineteen months, the month nineteen days, the day nineteen hours. Each college of priests of the new faith should consist of eighteen, with a president who should be the culminating point of this mysterious number. Men of all ranks and occupations — lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, mechanics — were to order their business with supreme regard to nineteen. The great book of the faith was to consist, when complete, of nineteen chapters, each divided into nineteen sections. Of this book the Bâb wrote only eleven chapters, leaving it to the great revealer to complete the mystic number. And, most important of all his applications of this theory, he himself was not the sole medium of the new revelation; the full truth being embodied in the number of unity, of which he was the “point,” a title by which he began at a very early stage to be designated by his followers.

But while giving forth his new doctrines as revelations from God, he earnestly pressed this consideration: that man can know but imperfectly till absorbed into the Creator, and that therefore his chief aim should be to love God and obey him, and to aspire. The small amount of worship, strictly so called, which he enjoined, was to be performed in richly decked temples, with music and singing. Great faith was to be placed in talismans of prescribed forms, engraved with mystic numbers, and constantly worn. Like Mohammed, the Bâb strongly enjoins benevolence; but at the same time he strictly prohibits begging, and commands all to work. In his code there is no death penalty; offences being punished chiefly by fines calculated on the sacred number nineteen.

There are three points in particular in which the reforms proposed by the Bâb cannot fail, so far as they gain ground, to have a mighty effect on society. In the first place, he abolished polygamy; that is, he so strongly discountenanced it that his followers universally regard it as a prohibition. In close connection — almost as a necessary accompaniment of this — he forbade divorce; that festering sore which corrupts the mass of Persian society to its very heart, and makes pure family life almost impossible. His third revolutionary step was in the same direction. He abolished the veiling of the women; a custom which our author believes, from personal observation as well as on other grounds, to be also a source of incalculable evils. So far from encouraging their wonted seclusion, the Bâb will have women converse freely, though prudently, with men, and in enjoining the faithful to practise abundant hospitality, and to have daily at their table as many guests as their means will allow (always with due regard to the mystic number), he specifies that some of the guests should be women.

Some of these innovations were probably the result of his study of European books. But the considerate kindness of all his rules for women, and his invariable tenderness in everything that concerned children, must have had a deeper source. One can hardly fail to see that in these respects he had imbibed something of the spirit of the gospel; and the regret arises irresistibly, that where he had seen and appreciated so much, he had not grasped the whole.

To return to the story. While the fame and popularity of the young preacher were daily increasing, his bold exposure of the vices of the clergy aroused against him their bitterest enmity. The magistrates of the city also began to take alarm; for if the people, never too amenable to lawful authority, should cast themselves at the feet of this irrepressible youth, and follow his lead, where would the thing end?

It was therefore agreed, after many anxious consultations between rulers and clergy, to make a double representation and appeal to the crown; on the one side in the interest of the State and civil order; on the other in that of religion endangered.

The Bâb, aware of what was going on, despatched a counter appeal. He represented the evil brought on the nation, and the hurt done to true religion, by the cor-

rupt lives and teaching of the clergy; told how he, sent by God with the remedy for these evils, had already triumphed over all the moullass of Shiraz, and begged that he might be brought face to face in presence of the king, with all the moullass of the empire, professing his readiness to answer with his life if he did not put them also to silence.

This double appeal caused the king and his advisers some perplexity. The government was bound, of course, to protect the orthodox religion; but at the same time they had no objection to seeing a check given by any means to the power and pride of the clergy. The prime minister had almost decided on allowing Ali Mohammed to come to Teheran, but a far-seeing old sheykh turned him from his purpose. He reminded him that they knew nothing of these new doctrines or of the aims of their author. He represented the danger of a religious war, if the priests should be provoked to appeal to the people against the government. The result was a compromise. The prime minister wrote to the governor of Shiraz that there must be no more public discussions of the new doctrines, and that, until further orders, the Bâb should not leave his own house. The decision was received with indignant discontent by the moullass, who declared, not without reason, that such protection of the true faith was a mere mockery. On the other side there was open triumph. The Bâb, indeed, gave prompt obedience to the order, and stayed at home; but his followers felt by no means bound either to follow his example in this respect or to keep silence. Conversions increased day by day among the educated class, and even from among the priests themselves.

And now the young enthusiast, who, like Paul at Rome, though confined to his own house, was not forbidden to receive any who came, began to bring forward much higher claims for himself. He was not, as he had at first thought, merely the Bâb — the gate into the knowledge of the truth; but the POINT, the *source* of truth, a manifestation of God. And at this stage he received from his disciples a new title, Sublime Highness. But his first title is that by which he continued to be known to the uninitiated, and by which he is still spoken of throughout Persia.

Leaving the leader of the movement meanwhile in his retirement, we are now to see how his cause spread by means of his first missionaries. The Bâb's chosen band of apostles — those who, with him,

completed the circle of truth — numbered, of course, eighteen. Three of these fill a conspicuous place in the story.

The first was a moulla, from Khorasan, Houssein Boushrewyeh, a man of strong, decided character, and studious, like his master, from his childhood. He had come from his distant home to see and hear for himself the great teacher; had cautiously and slowly weighed all his arguments; but, once convinced, had thrown himself into the cause with utter, unreserved devotion.

The second of the missionaries was Hadgy Mohammed Ali, of Balfouroush; a man as learned, as devoted, as zealous as the first, and held in profound veneration as a saint of the first order.

The third is, next to the young leader himself, the most striking and interesting figure in this story; a woman, young, beautiful, gifted, learned; full of an ardor as unquenchable, a courage as indomitable, as that of her master; a woman who, had she been born in Europe, would have ranked with our most honored heroines of this or of any age.

This Eastern heroine was born into a priestly family of high position in the town of Kazwyn. She received from her parents a name given by many a father and mother, in spirit, if not literally, to a baby daughter, Crown of Gold. From her earliest years the little Golden Crown proved no common child. Naturally gifted with mental powers of a very high order, she had in her own family the best possible opportunity for cultivating them; and she used it to the utmost; pursuing, eagerly and successfully, paths of knowledge not very commonly trodden by women of any country. Her father, a distinguished lawyer, her uncle, the leading man of the city, and her cousin, Moulla Mohammed — all men eminent in learning — delighted in discussing abstruse questions on points of theology, philosophy, or law; and Golden Crown, while still very young, was able to sustain her part in such discussions with a wonderful power and acuteness. She was not only the pride and delight of her own family; not only the special pride and delight of the young Moulla Mohammed, to whom she was early married; but the whole city was proud of its Golden Crown, and only wondered whether to praise most her surpassing beauty, her lovely character, or her wonderful mental gifts.

It was natural that, when the fame of the Bâb began to spread abroad, the new religion should be discussed with interest

in this family. His wise and liberal views as to the social position and well-being of women at once commended themselves to the enlightened mind as well as to the womanly heart of Golden Crown. She opened communications with the new teacher, and very speedily became a thorough convert. But a nature like hers could not rest in mere beliefs. She felt constrained to communicate what she knew; and ere long she was seen in public places, expounding, to ever-increasing and admiring crowds, the new doctrine, and giving to the views of the leader a more emphatic sanction than any arguments could have conveyed, by herself appearing unveiled. It was well for the cause of the Bâb that it was *such* a face that was the first to illustrate his theory. Converts multiplied in Kazwyn day by day.

But, alas! for the pride of her house. Words fail to tell the horror and dismay with which father, husband, and uncle beheld this practical outcome of what had probably appeared to them harmless and interesting speculations. To them their Golden Crown was tarnished indeed, and had brought irretrievable disgrace on herself and on them. But in vain they spent themselves in entreaties, in remonstrances — even in threats. The young proselyte remained unshaken. How, indeed, could she draw back? For she was now numbered among the mysterious nineteen — herself a part of the embodied revelation. She had received a new name, Gourret-ûl-Ain, the Consolation of the Eyes, and with it full powers to act as an accredited apostle of the new faith. It was no longer a matter of choice with her. As the sent of God she must fulfil her mission, though in doing so she should wrench asunder the strongest and tenderest ties. She put an end to the conflict by bidding a final farewell to her family, and giving herself entirely to her sacred work.

Of course, Golden Crown was led away by her enthusiasm. No doubt it was a mistake for a young wife in the nineteenth century to make. Let those blame her, who, with more enlightened understanding of the saying, "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me," act as heartily according to its spirit.

While the Bâb, then, remained in a manner quiescent in his house at Shiraz, these three missionaries were spreading his principles far and wide through the empire. Moulla Houssein began his campaign at Ispahan; where he speedily suc-

ceeded, even beyond his hopes. Next, at Kashan, crowds flocked to hear, and many disciples were made. From Kashan, following the orders of his master, he went to Teheran. But in the capital it was necessary to go to work more cautiously. He made no attempt to preach in public, but his days were occupied, from morning to night, in holding confidential interviews. Among the many whose curiosity was awakened were the king himself, Mohammed Shah, and his prime minister, Hadji Mirza Aghassy. This strange pair demand a word of notice.

The king, naturally gentle and somewhat feeble in character, and suffering constantly from wretched health since his childhood, was habitually tolerant of all manner of disorders — not of set purpose, but from utter lack of energy or interest. With spirits depressed by his almost incessant suffering, yet with a craving for love and sympathy, he found what met the need of his clinging and feeble nature in Mirza Aghassy. His tutor in childhood, then his familiar friend and counselor, and in process of time his prime minister, this man had become, in plain fact, his god. For Mohammed Shah's religious views were of a very loose and easy kind. He believed that divinity with all its powers was embodied in the sages; and as Aghassy was the greatest of all the sages, how could he but be god? It seems doubtful whether the hadji himself did not share this belief of his patron. But surely never was there a stranger god than Mirza Aghassy. For the most outstanding feature of his character — the ruling principle of his life — was his habit of turning everything into a joke. He made jokes at his own expense; he invariably used mocking epithets in speaking of his children and friends; and it was this persistent habit of refusing to take anything seriously — this easy-going tolerance of and indifference to all shades of opinion, religious or political, that determined the character of his administration, and formed a more serious obstacle in the way of the Bâbist apostle than declared opposition could have done.

Moulla Houssein brought a message of the utmost submission from the Bâb. His sincere desire, he said, was to add strength and glory to the throne. He represented that public opinion had already declared in favor of the new doctrine, and how desirable it was to support views in accord with those of most enlightened nations. He reminded the king how the greatest of

his predecessors had labored to found a religion which should unite within its liberal pale Mussulman, Jew, and Christian. Just such a religion was that proposed by the Bâb; and the king had only to place himself at the head of the new movement to be crowned with the immortal glory which former monarchs had sought in vain.

But the argument that, with men of another stamp, might have been most effective, proved the very death-blow to the apostle's hopes of success when presented to Mohammed Shah and his minister; for the promised glory was not to be gained without exertion, and exertion was a price too great for any object on earth or in heaven. Without argument or explanation, the ease-loving pair washed their hands of the whole matter, and Houssein was ordered to be gone at once from the capital.

The two other missionaries had meanwhile been no less diligent; Balfouroushy in his own native northern province, the Mazenderân, and Gourret-ûl-Ain in the region round her home in the west. It was agreed, therefore, that Houssein should now betake himself to the eastern province of Khorassan. From this point a mere outline of his movements must suffice. At the important city of Nishapoor he gained two great men; but at Meshed, the holy city of that region, the clergy met him with well-organized opposition.

Returning to Nishapoor, he gathered round him a band of the faithful, and took up arms to be in readiness for the worst. In one town after another he gained powerful allies. He could not be said to seek a conflict, but in the state to which feeling on both sides was wrought, a conflict was inevitable. The orthodox, provoked beyond endurance by the insulting language of the zealous converts, struck the first blow. But just when this point was reached, tidings arrived that suddenly gave a new turn to the whole state of affairs. Mohammed Shah was dead.

In Persia the death of a king seems to be the signal for a state of mild anarchy, during which all laws are suspended, and every man does what is right in his own eyes. No one had any thought to bestow on Houssein or his doings. He therefore judged it his wisest course to join his fellow-apostle in the Mazenderân, where the cause had already made great progress. There he found not only Balfouroushy, but Gourret-ûl-Ain also. Calumny and persecution had been too much for her. She had fled from Kazwyn, and had for



many months been in hiding in the forests of this wild country. With a crowd of enthusiastic adherents she joined the other Bâbist leaders.

The three bands encamped together; many strangers gathered round to see what this new thing might be. And the Consolation of the Eyes harangued the multitude; the beautiful, unveiled face meeting their wondering gaze without boldness, but without shrinking, because entirely without self-consciousness. Her fervid oratory, born of her own intense conviction, told on her audience with extraordinary power. They wept, as only Orientals can; they gave themselves up to raptures of emotion, and vowed, on the spot, unqualified devotion to the cause and to her.

And now Houssein planned and carried out a work which only the special circumstances of the time would have given him opportunity to accomplish undisturbed.

Every dignitary, great and small, was hastening to the capital to seek favor with the new powers. Houssein and his coadjutor selected a strong position among the mountain forests—a spot sacred to a certain Sheykh Tebersy; their eager followers worked with hand and heart, and almost with the speed of magic there arose a fortress in the desert to be the centre of their further operations. And here two thousand Bâbys, including wives and children, took up their position to await what might be the course of events.

From this point in their history a marked change took place in the character of the teaching of the Bâbist apostles. Hitherto it had been chiefly, if not solely, religious; now it became distinctly political. The Bâb, they said, should be without doubt, within a year, master of the world; and then, for his enemies, resistance or flight should be alike vain; while all his faithful followers should be amply rewarded with honors and delights suited to the tastes and capacities of each. They discovered in each of their leading men some mysterious resemblance to a former imâm or martyr or saint, marking him out as his successor, or, in a manner, his very self, returned to earth in a higher development; to whom, therefore, they gave his name, with all his honors and the hope of still higher. The common soldier, for whom such rewards were too costly, was assured that, dying in battle for the truth, not only was Paradise secure to him, but that, in the mean time, he should return to life after forty days to bear rule over some part of the conquered

world. It is only fair to the Bâb to say that there is nothing in his writings to sanction such teaching. But his apostles used the means which seemed to them best fitted to win the popular mind; and he, if he was aware of it, did not forbid them. And the cause daily gained favor. The whole province was stirred. Crowds flocked to Castle Tebersy from far and near; whole families pitched their tents or spread their carpets on the little plain in front of the fortress, hanging on every word of the two leaders, as if they were very gods.

But this state of things could not last. With the young king a new order had come in. The old prime minister, with his cynical jokes and his easy indifference, had fled before the new power; and his successor, Mirza Taghy Khan, at once made it plain that he did not mean to be trifled with. He gave strict orders to the grandees of the Mazenderân to make an end at once with the Bâbys. Easy to command, and easy also to promise; as the chiefs promptly did. But less easy, as they speedily found, to carry out their orders.

The first to make the attempt was Aga Abdoullah, who, after a day spent in useless firing against the fortress, was slain, and his band utterly routed.

The rage of the prime minister at this failure, and at the fear that was paralyzing further efforts, knew no bounds. He despatched Prince Mehdy Kouly Mirza with full powers and new commands to make an end at once. Kouly Mirza had all the will in the world to do so. Arrived in the Mazenderân, he summoned from the far north Abbas Kouly Khan, with a great swarm of wild Kurds, and with these joined to his own forces, took his way to Castle Tebersy. But an enemy on whom he had not counted lay in his path. In that broken, mountainous region, one passes, in a journey of a few hours, from sunny plains, where the orange and the pomegranate ripen, to barren slopes and frowning rocks and eternal snows. While toiling through the wild mountain defiles, the army was suddenly wrapped in a dense fog, that quickly gave place to a hurricane of blinding snow. The wearied general found himself at night, with a large part of his regular army, in the village of Daskès, where, with sentinels duly placed, he gladly lay down to rest.

And now Houssein, with a resolute band of three hundred, steals forth from his fastness. The village is quickly and quietly occupied, and the three hundred



fall with wild shouts on the slumbering foe. A fierce, savage massacre followed, in which two princes of the blood and many other leaders fell. But the darkness, which hindered defence, favored flight, and many escaped — among them Kouly Mirza himself. In the early morning, the victorious Bâbys, wearied with slaughter and laden with immense booty, returned in triumph to their castle, inspiring such terror that a band of six hundred men, who had only heard of the conflict of the night, fled at the news of their approach. The truth was, that the idea was more and more gaining ground that Houssein was a prophet, to fight against whom was to contend with God.

Many of the scattered forces quickly gathered again round their chief; but for a time Kouly Mirza made no effort to renew the attack. The sight of his fear spread consternation and panic everywhere. But the wrath of the terrible prime minister was even more to be dreaded than the valor of the Bâbys; so the poor, perplexed general summoned fresh troops — not too readily obtained. Again the Kurd chief came to his aid, even sending him a message to give himself no further trouble, as he and his followers would speedily reduce the rebel fortress. The besieged now appear struck with terror. They even send out a messenger to propose terms. Several days are thus spent in useless talk. Then, once more, a sally in the dead of night, the enemy's tents fired, and a scene of wild carnage. A resolute little band, pushed to the very extremity of their encampment, hold their ground there. "Do you see," says one to his comrade, pointing where the flames light up the fiercest conflict, "do you see yonder man in the green turban? Aim at him;" and he suits the action to the word. Too fatal example, and too surely followed! The first shot enters Moulla Houssein's breast; he receives the second in his side. Calmly he continues his directions; conducts skilfully the return to the castle through fierce, opposing bands, and then drops exhausted from his horse.

Houssein died exhorting his followers to unshaken fidelity to his Sublime Highness the Bâb, and bidding them not be discouraged by his death, seeing that, in one form or another, he should certainly return in a very few days to their aid. But neither resolution nor hope could compensate the garrison for the loss of such a leader.

About a hundred Bâbys had fallen in this encounter. With largely augmented

forces, and with cannon brought from Teheran, Prince Kouly Mirza resumed the siege of the devoted fortress; and still the brave, devoted little band held on. At the end of four months the wrath of the king and his ministers burst forth in terrible threatenings. The command was taken from Kouly Mirza and given to Souleyman Khan, a stern man, honored and feared throughout the army, who, with still added forces, at once prepared for a final attack. And now the end could not be doubtful; for famine also had begun its deadly work in the little community; and some, who had faced sword and cannon undaunted, yielded before this more terrible foe. One little band of deserters made their way through the sleeping camp, and took their various ways to their homes. Another, less fortunate, were cut to pieces, partly by the enemy and partly by their indignant comrades, who discovered their treachery.

The famishing survivors had eaten every blade of grass to be found in their enclosure — they had stripped the trees of their bark — they had even boiled their sword-belts and sheaths. And now — most pathetic evidence both of their honest faith and of their extremity — the leaders held a council of war to consider if their distress would justify them in unburying and eating Houssein's horse, which, killed in the same night with his rider, had been buried with almost equal reverence. The proposal was sorrowfully agreed to, and the loathsome food eagerly consumed to the last morsel.

Still one attack after another was repulsed with ardor so unquenchable that many of the assailants regarded the Bâbys with a superstitious dread, as more than mere men; and one at least among them began to aim at the leaders with gold coins, as the only means of reaching their charmed lives.

At last the battered wall could hold out no longer. A fatal breach was made — trees and planks were thrown across the trench, and besiegers and besieged grappled in deadly strife, savage yells of rage and hate adding to the horror and confusion of the darkness — dead and living together, from among the swaying, writhing mass, dropping in promiscuous ruin into the ditch below, and forming a ghastly bridge, across which swarmed ever fresh troops of assailants, more and yet more. The heroic little band, seeing their cause hopelessly lost, offered to capitulate, and were promised their lives on condition of laying down their arms and quitting their

fortress. Amidst the curious, wondering looks of the soldiers, the emaciated remnant passed out, two hundred and fourteen out of the original two thousand or more; among them some women, wasted to scarcely living skeletons, and children with no semblance of human babes but in their helplessness. The victors provided them with tents and food — all manner of kindly attentions were shown them — and then, next day, they were seized, men, women, and children, and slaughtered in cold blood, with unspeakable barbarities.

So the Prince Mehdy Kouly Mirza regained his lost baggage, and the cause of the Bâb was crushed, externally at least, in the Mazenderân.

It was very far from being so elsewhere. The province of Khorassan was full of the new doctrine. It had taken deep root in many important towns; at Ispahan, at Kashan, at Kazwyn, and at Shiraz among others; and while the war in the Mazenderân was still in progress, the evil broke out in a still more alarming form in the town of Zendjân, in the province of Khamseh. The leader in this case was another Mohammed Ali, a moulla in high position, who found himself at the head of fifteen thousand men from all ranks of society.

It is needless to enter into details of what would be substantially the same story as that of the struggle in the Mazenderân. On the part of the Bâbys there was the same absolute faith and fiery zeal and indomitable courage; men of all ranks — Ahmed the comb-maker, and Nedjef Kouly the smith, and Abdoullah the baker, fighting in a way to put trained soldiers to shame. On the part of their assailants there was the same half-superstitious feeling regarding them; terror on the one side and religious frenzy on the other exciting the passions of both to the fiercest pitch, and inciting to acts of ferocious cruelty. There was the same story of repeated attacks heroically repulsed — of the alarm and rage at court — of the continual arrival of more and yet more royal troops; till the crushing, overwhelming preponderance of numbers made the end inevitable.

Mohammed Ali was dead, and many a brave leader besides. Those who remained, receiving written and sealed promises of life and liberty, laid down their arms. The promises were kept as they had been kept at Fort Tebersy. The mass of the prisoners were butchered by order of the commanders who had signed the promise; two of the chiefs were blown

from the mouth of a cannon (an operation which, our author remarks in passing, has not been quite unknown in *British* warfare), and others were reserved to grace the triumph in Teheran. Three of them, the most distinguished, were condemned by the prime minister, Mirza Taghy, to die by having their veins opened. They received the sentence unmoved, but solemnly warned their judge that the breach of faith towards them and their companions was a crime that God would not be content to punish by any common visitation; that he would mark out the persecutor of his saints by a solemn and signal retribution; and that, therefore, as he had done to them, so should it very shortly be done to him. The prophecy might possibly enough be one of those which tend to work out their own fulfilment. However that may be, the fact remains, that no long time afterwards, in 1852, the prime minister did perish in this very manner by command of the king.

Though the risings in the Mazenderân and at Zendjân had thus been crushed, the king and his minister were by no means satisfied that all danger was past. They felt that a hidden fire was smouldering throughout the provinces, which might at any moment burst forth with ruinous effect. For there were Bâbys everywhere, though unseen; and while it seems to be the manner of Asiatics to suffer all kinds of merely political abuses with fatalistic apathy, it is very different when a strong religious conviction comes into play. And such a conviction was now in full force, for the faith and the principles of the Bâbys were quite untouched by the reverses of their brethren. Rather, they were stirred to emulate their heroism, and to long to share with them the glory of martyrdom.

Mirza Taghy, therefore, concluded that, in order to secure a thorough end of the evil, he must strike at its root; the Bâb must be disposed of, and then the cause would die of itself.

We left the Bâb a sort of prisoner on parole in his own house at Shiraz, surrounded by admiring friends, and daily making new converts. But when the court became alarmed by the rising in the Mazenderân, he was arrested and removed to the fortress of Tjehrig, still, however, without being subjected to any severe restraint. Here he remained for about a year and a half, filling up his days with prayer and writing and study, often referring to his death as an event probably near, and of which the prospect was not

unwelcome. And here, as elsewhere, few who came into personal contact with him were able to withstand the winning charm of his manners and appearance, and the persuasive eloquence of his words.

When Mirza Taghy had decided on making an end of the Bâb, and by that means an end of his influence and of his sect, it occurred to him that the mere fact of his death would hardly be likely to produce such results. For, secluded in his prison, unseen and unheard, the Bâb was surrounded in the imagination of his disciples with a halo of sanctity, of suffering—above all, of mystery, to which his death, even if the fact were believed, would only add the glory of martyrdom. But if he could be exhibited as a moral ruin—if he were seen in city after city, not only in chains, insulted, humiliated, but put to shameful defeat in public discussion by the moullass—in craven fear retracting all his heresies and abjectly pleading for the mercy that should certainly be denied him,—then the charm would be broken; people would see what a delusion they had followed, and things would at once return to their ordinary and quiet course. For the prime minister had never seen the young reformer. He believed him to be a vulgar impostor; too ignorant to have planned the measures taken by his three apostles, too cowardly to have carried them out, and owing all his power to the fact that the mass of his disciples did not know him. But a very little inquiry showed Mirza Taghy that this plan, ingenious enough had he had suitable material to work on, would not do in this case; that the Bâb was much more likely to confound his antagonists in argument than to be confounded by them; and that, instead of being demoralized and broken down, he might show himself serenely superior to circumstances, good or evil, and so mightily confirm the faith and heighten the enthusiasm of his disciples, as well as add largely to their numbers. The risk was too great. The dangerous prisoner was therefore removed, closely guarded, to the citadel of Tabreez. With him were brought two of his disciples who had before begged to share his imprisonment. One was the Seyd Houssein, the other, named like his master, Mohammed Ali, belonged to a very rich and influential family of Tabreez. The governor in charge, Prince Hamzé Mirza, by the instructions of the prime minister, who could not quite give up his first idea, summoned the moullass to meet and confound the heretic. But

the moullass wisely declined the meeting. Then the prince himself and three other high dignitaries essayed the task. But after a vehement discussion, in which even Mussulman writers admit that the royal officials were far from having cause to be proud of their part, Hamzé Mirza abruptly closed the scene by using the one conclusive argument in his power. He announced to the young prophet that he must die.

It signified nothing to the prime minister or to Hamzé Mirza that such a sentence was, according to all precedent, utterly unjust. The Korân does, indeed, doom heretics to death. But the secular powers had always refused to interfere with religious beliefs. They had, on this principle, protected the Bâb himself for several years. But now the minister regarded him as a cause of danger to the State. Not the slightest proof existed that he had either instigated or sanctioned the doings of his three apostles. But in Oriental law, might is right; so the sentence was passed.

It was just about to be executed in the rough and ready way, usual in Eastern courts—the victim seized, thrown on the ground, and his throat cut with two strokes of a twopenny knife—when the hand of the executioner was arrested. It was suggested to Hamzé Mirza, that if the Bâb were thus privately put to death, a great proportion of the public would refuse to believe that he was dead, and so the excitement would be worse than ever. He was therefore remanded till the next day, that the thing might be done in such a way as should leave no room for doubt.

At early morning the three prisoners, heavily ironed, were marched out of the citadel, and dragged through the streets and market-places of the city, that all who chose might see and recognize them; the soldiers loading them with abuse and blows. The ways were thronged with curious, eager crowds, among whom were many Bâbys, and many all but converts, who would gladly have stirred the popular feeling to a rising in defence of the prophet; and many of the more respectable classes, who turned away in disgust or sadness from the scene of outrage. But the triumphant Moslems knew they were masters for the day, and the mob, ever ready to be swayed by externals, joined in the howlings of abuse, and pressed in eagerly to strike the martyrs on the face.

When this had gone on for many weary hours, the captives were led to the houses of three of the chief clergy, or moudjte-

heds, in succession. By each of these the Bâb was questioned with mockery and scorn; by each he was formally adjudged to be worthy of death; and his enemies assert that in their presence he not only retracted all that he had taught, but abjectly besought mercy; an assertion which, in view of all the rest of his conduct, is hardly credible. And from house to house the surging, roaring crowd followed; giving vent to their wild frenzy in insulting cries and brutal outrage.

The account of this closing day in the Bâb's history almost irresistibly recalls a similar day in a more sacred story. The mock trial—the outburst of blind, popular fury, stirred up by a jealous and vindictive priesthood—the cruel mockings and insult—even to the still more cruel and bitter pang of being deserted and denied in his darkest hour by his loved and trusted friend. For, on leaving the house of the third moudjtéhed, one of the prisoners, Seyd Houssein, staggering like a drunken man, spent and half dead with suffering, dropped on the ground, declared that he could bear no more, and with bitter tears cried for pardon. The tormentors roughly raised him, and set him face to face with his master. "Will you curse him?" they said, "and you shall be pardoned." Houssein did so. "Now spit in his face, and you shall go free!" Again Houssein obeyed. They struck off his irons, and left him lying in the street. He watched the procession out of sight, and then, with what strength remained to him, escaped towards Teheran.

Delighted with this unexpected success, the officers hoped they might induce the other disciple to follow Houssein's example. He was young, rich, and had everything to make life desirable. They brought out to him his young wife and his little children, for whom his heart and eyes had hungered long. They hung about him, and wrung his heart with their tears and entreaties; but in vain. He was made of sterner stuff than Seyd Houssein. "I ask of you only one favor," he said to the officers; "that you will let me die before my master."

And now the long, dreadful day was near its close. Officers, soldiers, servants, spent with fatigue, could do no more. Just as the sun was setting, the two prisoners were let down from the topmost rampart of the lofty citadel by ropes passed under their arms, and there remained suspended at several feet from the ground, in full view of the assembled thousands. Then the command was given

to fire. "Master," the voice of Mohammed Ali, the disciple, was heard to say, "are you satisfied with me?" The discharge of firearms drowned the reply. The devoted disciple had his wish—that was his last moment. But the shot aimed at the Bâb only cut the rope by which he was suspended, and he dropped un wounded to the ground. A few moments of terrible suspense followed; moments on which probably hung the fate of the reigning dynasty. For it is universally agreed, even by orthodox Mahometans, that had the Bâb, at that moment, while the multitude stood awestruck by the seeming miracle, thrown himself on their sympathies, not a hand would have been raised against him, and the great mass of the population would have risen in his cause. And this in Tabreez, the second capital, and the most populous city of the empire, would have been a very different affair from any former rising. But utterly exhausted in body and mind with the long agony of the day, bewildered, stupefied, with the instinct of a hunted creature to seek a covert, he turned, hardly knowing what he did, into the nearest building. It was a guard-house. A captain of infantry followed and struck down the unresisting victim with his sabre, and his soldiers, cautiously following, made the work sure with their muskets.

Thus, in eight years, Mirza Ali Mohammed had run his short and brilliant career. He had now just reached his twenty-seventh year.

The shattered corpse was dragged for several successive days through the streets, and then flung outside the walls to the dogs. And now the prime minister could sleep in peace, and trusted that peace, universal and profound, would at once settle on the nation. Never was hope more delusive. The minister's own act in ordering the death of the Bâb had put peace out of the question. When the young prophet began his reforms he had shown no desire to give any political bearing to his teaching. He had quietly submitted to the command imposing silence on him. But now his followers founded their policy of defence on the universally acknowledged theory that, whatever might be the actual ruling power, the Seyds—that is, the family of Ali—alone were legitimate sovereigns: The Bâb was, by both lines of descent, a Seyd. And besides this claim, which might be disputed with him by many others, he was also the Bâb, and therefore the one man in Persia to whom, in their view, the

throne of right belonged. Not that they had any desire to press this point. Had the State given a kindly recognition to the new religion, it might either have died out, or more probably have become, in the course of years, just one more form of belief among the many. But this judicial murder of their leader stung the Bâbys to the last point of exasperation, and severed the last bond of their allegiance to the reigning house. The Kadjar dynasty were kings only on sufferance; and now that Nûreddin Shah had intermeddled with matters which Asia prohibits her princes from touching, his subjects were no longer bound to keep faith with him.

The indignant chiefs gathered from all the provinces, and held a council in Teheran. There they recognized by certain signs the divinely indicated successor to the spirit and power, and therefore to the office, of their slain leader. The new Bâb was Mirza Yahya, a youth of noble family. His mother had died at his birth, and he was brought up by a lady whose husband was a leading Bâby, named Djenâb Beha, the Precious Excellence. He was at this time only sixteen, but already possessed of an extraordinary amount of learning, and, to judge by results, not ill qualified, young as he was, for the difficult post he was called to occupy. Immediately after his election he left the capital, where it would have been unsafe for him to stay. He went from town to town, exhorting his adherents to apply themselves closely to the study of religion and to practical duties; and he prohibited utterly, for the time being, the use of carnal weapons; saying that the time for insurrection, if it should ever come, was certainly not yet. At length the search for the youthful leader became so keen that he passed beyond the boundaries of Persia, and established himself at Bagdad. Here, besides being safe from the pursuit of his enemy, he had the advantage of being able to see and converse with the multitudes of Persian pilgrims who annually pass through the city.

About a year after the death of the Bâb, the king was spending the summer in his country palace at Niaveran, a lovely village on the lower slopes of the Elburz, a few miles from the capital. One morning, while out on horseback, he was suddenly assailed by three men, who all at once discharged pistols. But the king received only a very slight wound; one of the assailants was at once struck down, and the other two secured and bound.

They at once proudly avowed themselves Bâbys. Measures were taken accordingly. The governor of the city was ordered at once to close and watch the gates, and then quietly to arrest all suspected of Bâbism. On this special evening a considerable company were met in the house of a rich and influential citizen. The whole party were arrested; among them several women and children. But after this first evening, though the Bâbys were known to be many, no more arrests were made. The suspected were on their guard, and as their chief had prohibited insurrection, they made no sign.

Among the prisoners was the beautiful Consolation of the Eyes. On the outbreak of the troubles in the Mazenderân, when her fellow-apostles had shut themselves up in Castle Tebersy, she had travelled through many towns, exerting a powerful influence wherever she went. Then she had disappeared from public view, and was supposed to be secretly at work in the capital. She was too distinguished a prisoner to be treated like the common crowd. Mahmoud Khan, the chief of police, had taken her to his own house, and placed her under the kind care of his wife. Irresistibly charmed, like all who approached her, by her marvellous beauty and her eloquent words, and filled with respect and admiration for her noble character, they used every means in their power to make her captivity as little irksome as possible; wondering the while at the buoyant cheerfulness that made their efforts almost superfluous.

The rest of the prisoners, numbering about forty, were taken out to Niaveran. The two first arrested had been questioned with the most ingenious refinements of torture, in order that they might betray the names of supposed accomplices; but in vain. Their defence was singular. They declared that they were not responsible to the king and his court; that they had no accomplices, but had simply acted in obedience to the command of their chiefs, who were not in Persia, but whose sacred authority justified any act which they might command; that, in any case, the man whose hands were stained with the blood of so many martyrs, and above all with that of his Sublime Highness the Bâb himself, must have amply merited death; but that they had no personal enmity to the king; on the contrary, he had shown them kindness, and they were grateful; but they could only obey orders; and, finally, that they could say nothing different though they



should be tortured till the day of judgment.

Baffled in this direction, the judges turned hopefully to the other prisoners. Here were women, and even children, from whom torture or the mere fear of it would draw everything. Equally in vain. This strange new religion made fragile women and timid children inflexible as iron. They gloried in their faith; they would die for it with joy; but they had nothing to tell of any but themselves. The situation thus became, in the eyes of the judges, very serious. Here, in their power, were forty mute captives, but who could tell how many shared their faith — and where? In the cities, in the country, in the army, in the very court itself, perhaps. Who could tell where, or how soon, or how universally, a conflagration might break out? Distrust and suspicion were everywhere. Each man in power felt as if walking on a smoldering volcano; each feared his nearest neighbor and friend.

In these circumstances it was felt that the wisest course would be a policy of conciliation. If the dangerous class was so numerous, it would be most unwise to provoke them to insurrection. The ministers therefore decided that no further search should be made, and that though, of course, the prisoners already taken must either recant or die, as many of them as should simply deny the fact of their being Bâbys should be freed at once without further question.

The experiment was made first with Gourret-ûl-Aîn, as it was supposed her example would tell powerfully on the rest. Mahmoud Khan came cheerfully home from Niaveran one morning, and told her he had good news for her. "You are to be sent for to Niaveran," said he. "The question will be put, Gourret-ûl-Aîn, are you a Bâby? You will simply answer, no. It is a mere formality. Everybody knows you are one; but nothing more will be asked, and you will at once be free." "You do not know the real news for to-morrow," said the Consolation of the Eyes. "It is far better for me than what you say. For to-morrow at noon, you yourself, my friend, will preside at my burning, and I shall thus have the honor of publicly witnessing for God and for his Sublime Highness. And now, Mahmoud Khan, mark what I say; and let my death to-morrow be a sign to you that I speak truth. The master whom you serve will not reward you for your zeal. Ere long you will die a cruel death by his order. I entreat you, therefore, before that hour comes, as come it

will, to set your mind earnestly to search out and know the truth."

It may be said in this case, as in that of the Zendjân martyrs, that under such a government it needed little insight to utter such a prophecy. Be that as it may, the Bâbys and the orthodox alike universally relate it and believe in it; and some years later it became fact in the experience of poor Mahmoud Khan.

And with the young prophetess herself, of course, it also befell as she had said. She was taken on the following day to Niaveran. In the presence of the king and his counsellors, the officers of state, her fellow-prisoners, and a promiscuous crowd, the question was put in the most respectful and conciliatory manner, and was met by an unqualified and exultant avowal of her faith. There was therefore, in the view of her judges, no alternative. Regretfully the sentence was pronounced, and she was led away to death. No lamentations were uttered, no tearful adieus spoken by her fellow-prisoners. They heard with calm cheerfulness, as matters of course, both the avowal and the sentence; regarding the fact of either her death or their own as of too trifling significance to move them. Gourret-ûl-Aîn was taken back to Teheran, in the charge of her sorrowful friend, Mahmoud Khan. They placed her on a pile of straw matting; they covered the beautiful head with the long-abandoned veil; as a last act of mercy, they strangled her; then the lifeless body was reduced to ashes, and the ashes scattered to the winds.

It is almost superfluous to say that the other prisoners were equally impracticable. Conspicuous among them was Seyd Houssein, the disciple who, on the fatal day at Tabreez, had denied and insulted his master. On that day, when he had come to himself, he made his way to Teheran. There he sought out the leading Bâbys, related to them the events of the day, and avowed his crime with such bitter, passionate repentance, that they received him back into favor. But pardon had not brought peace; he passionately longed for martyrdom to seal his repentance; and now that his desire was on the point of fulfilment, was not merely calm, like the others, but triumphant. Many of the sect, with whom Seyd Houssein is held in great reverence, maintain that his treason was only in seeming, and an act of obedience to the master; that being the Bâb's secretary, and carrying with him important papers, this was the only means of having them conveyed in safety to his friends.

On this day a spectacle was witnessed in Teheran, the memory of which is not likely soon to fade from the minds of the people. A band of women and children, as well as men, their bodies bathed in blood from fresh, gaping wounds, in which were fixed bunches of blazing tow, were dragged with ropes through the streets and squares to the place of execution. Amid the awestruck silence of the crowd they sang in joyful tones, "Truly we belong to God; we came from God, and are returning to him." Some of the little ones, less strong in body than in spirit, died on the progress. The corpses were thrown in the way of the procession, and parents and sisters walked on calmly. Arrived at the appointed place, the offer of life, on condition of abjuration, was once more made and rejected. It might have seemed that measures of intimidation were exhausted; but it occurred to a soldier to try something new. "If you do not yield," he said to a father, "I will cut the throats of your two sons on your own breast." At once the father sits down on the ground with outstretched arms, and a bright-eyed little lad of fourteen, with blood-stained body and half-charred flesh, but his face glowing with love and faith, throws himself on his breast, exclaiming, "Father, I am the eldest, let me be first!" What could persecution do with a people like this?

At last the butchery was finished; and the calm summer night fell on a hideous, mangled mass of bodies, to which the dogs were gathering in troops; while the heads were hung up in bundles to decay in the sight of the public.

With this summer day in 1852 the public history of Bâbism ends. But our author is persuaded that the result of that day's events was a very large, though secret, accession of adherents to the cause. It is only reasonable and natural that it should be so. The spectators could not but feel that there was something in a cause that called forth such joyful faith—such eager devotion; and the impression made by the immovable constancy of the martyrs, by whom death was rather desired than feared, and on whom torture spent itself like waves against the rock, was profound and lasting. Whatever may be the errors and delusions of the system, it has been true in respect to it, as to a purer and more enlightened faith, that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church.

From that time the Bâbys, in obedience to the command of their leader, have re-

mained quiet; not hesitating, when it seemed advisable, even to deny their faith; but there is no doubt that the spread of their doctrines has made, and is still making, steady and rapid progress. They write many books, which are secretly circulated and eagerly read; and while converts are made among all classes, their views have taken the deepest hold among the educated and intelligent. Meanwhile, the rulers, taught by experience, continue their policy of toleration. They make no inquiry, lest they should hear too much; they are determinedly blind to indications of indifference to the true faith; for when it is believed that many, even among the moullass, and the highest officers of State, and those nearest the person of the king, belong to the dreaded and mysterious community, it is felt to be the wisest and safest course not to know.

Dr. Bruce, writing lately from Persia, gives the present number of the Bâbys as one hundred thousand; but while their policy is what has been indicated, how can they be anything like accurately numbered?

In finishing the account given by M. de Gobineau, one feels a curiosity as to two or three questions. Does Mirza Yahya, the foster-son of Djenâb Beha, the successor to the Bâb, elected in 1852, still alive? Does he still reside and make converts at Bagdad? And does this Egyptian Mahdi who is giving Europe so much trouble, give himself out as the last and crowning revelation in this line? Or has he no connection whatever with Persia and the Bâb?

MARY F. WILSON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

OLD FLORENCE AND MODERN TUSCANY.

FLORENCE within her ancient limit-mark,  
Which calls her still to matin prayers and noon,

Was chaste and sober, and abode in peace.  
She had no amulet, no head-tires then,  
No purled dames; no zone, that caught the eye  
More than the person did. Time was not yet,  
When at his daughters' births the sire grew pale,

For fear the age and dowry should exceed,  
On each side, just proportion. House was none,

Void of its family; nor yet had come  
Sardanapalus to exhibit feats  
Of chamber prowess. Montemalo yet  
O'er our suburban turret rose; as much

To be surpast in fall, as in its rising.  
I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad  
In leathern girdle, and a clasp of bone;  
And, with no artificial coloring on her cheeks,  
His lady leave the glass. The sons I saw  
Of Nerli, and of Vecchio, well content  
With unrobed jerkin; and their good dames  
handling

The spindle and the flax. Oh, happy, they!

Thus writes Dante, in the "Paradise," about the sobriety and simplicity of dress and manners in Florence of his day; and nearly a century later G. Villani writes:—

The citizens of Florence lived soberly, on coarse viands, and at small cost; they were rude and unpolished in many customs and courtesies of life, and dressed themselves and their women in coarse cloth; many wore plain leather, without cloth over it; bonnets on their heads; and all, boots on their feet. The Florentine women were without ornament; the better sort being content with a close gown of scarlet cloth of Ypres or of camlet, tied with a girdle in the ancient mode, and a mantle lined with fur, with a hood attached to be worn on the head. The common sort of women were clad in a coarse gown of cambrai in like fashion.

Things appear to have changed soon after this, as the sage old Florentines drew up a series of sumptuary laws in 1415, directed against the luxury and splendor of woman's dress and of marriage festivals. They declared that such magnificence was opposed to all republican laws and usages, and only served to enervate and corrupt the people. If a citizen of Florence wished to give an entertainment in honor of a guest, he was obliged to obtain a permit from the priors of liberty, for which he paid ten golden florins, and had also to swear that such splendor was only exhibited for the honor and glory of the city. Whoever transgressed this law was fined twenty-five golden florins. It was considered shameful to have much plate; nearly all household implements were of brass, now and then beautified by having the arms of the family in enamel upon them. These sumptuary laws were not confined to Florence. The town of Pistoja enacted similar ones in 1322; Perugia in 1333. Philippe le Bel promulgated sumptuary laws in France in 1310; Charles the Ninth in 1575; and Louis the Thirteenth in 1614; but with no greater success than the worthy old republicans.

Pandolfini, in his curious book, "Del Governo della Famiglia," inveighs against the Florentine custom of painting the face. In his counsels to his young wife, Giovanna degli Strozzi, he says:—

Avoid all those false appearances by which dishonest and bad women try to allure men, thinking with ointments, white lead and paint, with lascivious and immoral dress, to please men better than when adorned with simplicity and true honesty. Not only is this reprehensible, but it is most unwholesome to corrupt the face with lime, poisons, and so-called washes. See, oh, my wife, how fresh and well-looking are all the women of this house! This is because they use only water from the well as an ointment; do thou likewise, and do not plaster and whiten thy face, thinking to appear more beautiful in my eyes. Thou art fresh and of a fine color; think not to please me by cheatery and showing thyself to me as thou art not, because I am not to be deceived; I see thee at all hours, and well I know how thou art without paint.

The Florentine ladies appear to have held their own against all these attempts to convert them to a simpler mode of life. Sachiotti gives an amusing instance of their ready wit, while he was prior of the republic. A new judge, Amerigo degli Amerighi, came from Pesaro, and was specially ordered to see that the sumptuary laws were obeyed; he fell into disgrace for doing too little, and his defence is as follows:—

My masters, I have worked all my life at the study of law, and now that I thought I knew something I find I know nothing; for trying to discover the forbidden ornaments worn by your women, according to the orders you gave me, I have not found in any law-book arguments such as they give. I will cite you some. I met a woman with a border, all curiously ornamented and slashed, turned over her hood; the notary said to her, "Give me your name, for you have an embroidered border." The good woman takes off the border, which was attached to her hood with a pin, and holding it in her hand, replies that it is a garland. There are others who wear many buttons down the front of their dresses; I say to one, "You may not wear those buttons," and she answers, "Yes, sir, I can, for these are not buttons, but *coppelle*, and if you do not believe me, see, they have no haft, and there are no buttonholes." The notary goes up to a third, who was wearing ermine, and says, "How can you excuse yourself, you are wearing ermine," and begins to write the accusation. The woman replies, "No, do not write, for this is not ermine but *lattizzo* (fur of any young sucking animal)." The notary asked, "And what is this *lattizzo*?" And the woman's answer was, "The man is a fool!"

The widows seem to have given less trouble; but they always took care that their dresses should be well cut and fit perfectly.

Philosophers, of course, wrote treatises on political economy, and poets sat-

irized the different fashions of their times. Thus, in Lodovico Adimari, we read : —

The high-born dame now plasters all her cheeks

With paint by shovelfuls, and in curled rings  
Or tortuous tresses twines her hair, and seeks  
To shave with splintered glass the down that  
springs

On her smooth face and soft skin, till they  
seem

The fairest, tenderest of all tender things :  
Rouge and vermilion make her red lips beam  
Like rubies burning on the brow divine  
Of heaven-descended Iris : jewels gleam  
About her breasts, embroidered on the shrine  
Of satins, silks, and velvets : like the snails,  
A house in one dress on her back she trails.\*

Cennino Cennini, a painter and pupil of Agnolo Gaddi, the godson of Giotto, says, in his "Treatise on Painting" : —

It might be for the service of young ladies, more especially those of Tuscany, to mention some colors which they think highly of, and use for beautifying themselves; and also certain washes. But as those of Padua do not use such things, and I do not wish to make myself obnoxious to them, or to incur the displeasure of God and of Our Lady, so I shall say no more on this subject. But [he continues] if thou desirest to preserve thy complexion for a long time, I advise thee to wash thyself with water from fountains, rivers, or wells. I warn thee that if thou usest cosmetics thy face will become hideous and thy teeth black; thou wilt be old before thy time, and the ugliest object possible. This is quite enough to say on this subject.

Cennini seems, notwithstanding, to have been employed to paint people's faces, if we may judge from the following passage in the same work : —

Sometimes you may be obliged to paint or dye flesh, faces of men and women in particular. You can mix your colors with yolk of egg; or should you wish to make them more brilliant, with oil, or liquid varnish, the strongest of all *temperas*. Do you want to remove the colors or *tempera* from the face? Take yolk of egg and rub it, a little at a time, with your hand on the face. Then take clean water, in which bran has been boiled, and wash the face; then more of the yolk of egg; and again rub the face with it; and again wash with warm water. Repeat this many times until the face returns to its original color.

The sumptuary laws cited by the Osservatore Fiorentino are as follow : —

1st. It is forbidden for any unmarried woman to wear pearls or precious stones, and the married dames may only wear ornaments of

the value of forty golden florins at any one time.

2nd. In the week preceding a wedding neither bride nor bridegroom may ask to dinner or supper more than four persons, not appertaining to the house.

3rd. The brides who desire to go to church on horseback may do so, but are not to be accompanied by more than six women attendants.

4th. On the marriage day only sixteen women may dine in the bridegroom's house, six of the bride's family and ten of the bridegroom's, besides his mother, his sisters, and his aunts.

5th. There may only be ten men of the family, and eight friends; boys under fourteen do not count.

6th. During the repast only three musicians and singers are to be allowed.

7th. The dinner or supper may not consist of more than three solid dishes, but confectionery and fruit *ad libitum*.

8th. The bride and bridegroom are allowed to invite two hundred people to witness the signing of the contract before the celebration of the marriage.

These laws, however, appear to have been of little use, to judge by the representation of the marriage procession of Boccaccio degli Adimari on the *cassone*, or marriage chest, the painted front of which is now in the Accademia delle Belle Arte, at Florence. Men and women magnificently clad are walking hand in hand, under a canopy of red and white damask, supported by poles, and stretched from the lovely little Loggia del Bigallo, past Lorenzo Ghiberti's famous doors of the Baptistry of San Giovanni, to the corner of Via de' Martelli. The trumpeters of the republic sit on the steps of the loggia, blowing their golden trumpets ornamented with square flags, on which is emblazoned the lily of the city of Florence. Pages in gorgeous clothes, and carrying gold and silver vases on their heads, are passing in and out of one of the Adimari palaces. A man behind the musicians holds a flask of wine in his hand, just the same flask as one sees now in daily use in Tuscany. The ladies have headdresses like large turbans; one is made of peacock feathers, and all are sparkling with jewels.

Funerals were also a great source of show and splendor in those days, and their cost increased rapidly. In 1340 the funeral of Gherardo Baroncelli cost only two hundred golden florins, and about the same time that of Giotto Peruzzi five hundred; whereas, in 1377, the expenses for the burial of Monaldo Alberti di Messer Niccolao d'Jacopo degli Alberti amounted to three thousand golden florins, nearly five thousand pounds.

The following details of this magnificent

\* Translated by Mr. J. A. Symonds.

affair, from the manuscript of Monaldi, may interest the curious reader: —

Monaldo Alberti di Messer Niccolao d'Jacopo degli Alberti died on the 7th August, 1377; he passed for the richest man, as regards money, in the country. He was buried on the 8th August, in Santa Croce, with great honor of torches and wax candles. The funeral car was of red damask, and he was dressed in the same red damask, in cloth and in cloth of gold. There were eight horses, one decked with the arms of the people, because he was a cavalier of the people; one with the arms of the Guelphs, because he was one of their captains; two horses were covered with big banners, on which were emblazoned the Alberti arms; one horse had a pennant, and a casque and sword and spurs of gold, and on the casque was a damsel with two wings; another horse was covered with scarlet, and his rider had a thick mantle of fur, lined; another horse was undraped, and his rider wore a violet cloak lined with dark fur.

When the body was removed from the arcade of the house, there was a sermon; seventy-two torches surrounded the car, that is to say, sixty belonging to the house, and twelve to the Guelph party. A large catafalque was all furnished with torches of a pound weight; and the whole church, and the chief chapels towards the centre of the church, were full of small torches of half a pound weight, often interspersed with those of one pound. All the relations, and those of close parentage with the house of Alberti, were dressed in blood-red; and all the women who belonged to them, or had entered the family by marriage, wore the same color. Many other families were in black. A great quantity of money was there to give away for God, etc. Never had been seen such honors. This funeral cost something like three thousand golden florins.

The Medici made no attempt to control this splendor; indeed, one of Lorenzo the Magnificent's favorite sayings was, *Pane e feste tengon il popol quieto* (Bread and shows keep the people quiet). Cosmo the First had a passion for jousts and games of all sorts; ballets on horseback and masquerades; these were generally held in the Piazza Sta. Croce. The masquerade, in 1615, to celebrate the arrival of Ubaldo della Rovere, Prince of Urbino, has been engraved by Jacques Callot, and was called the War of Love. First came the chariot of love, surrounded with clouds, which opened showing love and his court. Then came the car of Mount Parnassus with the Muses, paladins, and famous men of letters. The third was the chariot of the sun, with the twelve signs of the zodiac, the serpent of Egypt, the months and seasons; this chariot was surrounded by eight Ethiopian giants. The car of Thetis closed the procession, with sirens, ne-

reids, and tritons, and eight giant Nephelæ, to represent the principal seas of the world.

Ferdinand the Second also delighted in these shows, and several held during his reign have been engraved by Stefano della Bella and Jacques Callot.

Princess Violante of Bavaria, who came, in 1689, to marry Ferdinand, son of Cosmo the Third, was received with great splendor. She entered Florence by the Porta San Gallo, where a chapel had been erected on purpose to crown her as she crossed the threshold of the city. The princess then seated herself on a jewelled throne, and was carried into the town under a canopy borne by a number of youths, splendidly dressed, and chosen for their beauty and high birth. After a solemn thanksgiving in the cathedral she was escorted to the Pitti Palace, by the Senate and the chief people of the city. The carnival feasts that year were more magnificent than usual in her honor.

T. Rinnucini, writing to a friend in the beginning of the seventeenth century, gives the following quaint account of a wedding in his own family: —

When the alliance was arranged, we went in person to all our near relatives, and sent servants to those of remoter kin, to give notice of the day on which the bride would leave our house in her bridal attire; so that all relations down to the third degree might accompany her to mass. At the house door we found a company of youths, the *seraglio*, as we say, who complimented my niece, and made as though they would not allow her to quit the house until she bestowed on them rings or clasps, or some such trinkets. When she had, with infinite grace, given the usual presents, the spokesman of the party, who was the youngest, and of high family, waited on the bride, and served her as far as the church door, giving her his arm. After the marriage we had a grand banquet, with all the relations on both sides, and the youths of the *seraglio*, who, in truth, have a right to be present at the feast.

In other descriptions of marriages about the same time, we read that during the banquet a messenger sought audience of the bride and presented her with a basket of flowers, or a pair of scented gloves sent by the *seraglio* together with the rings, clasps, or other ornaments she had given them on leaving her father's house. The bridegroom, according to his means, gave the messenger thirty, forty, fifty, or even, if very rich, a hundred *scudi*, which the youths spent in a great feast to their companions and friends, in a masquerade, or some such entertainment.

The marriage ring was given on another



day, when there was a feast of white confectionery, followed by dancing, if the size of the house permitted it. Otherwise the company played at *giulù*, a game of cards no longer known; the name being derived, says Salvini, from the coin called *giulio*, worth fifty-six *centimes*, which was placed in a plate in the middle of the table as the stake.

At the beginning of the feast the names of the guests were read out according to their different degrees of parentage, so that all might find their places without confusion.

The bride's dower was carried in procession to the bridegroom's house, in the *cassoni*, or marriage chests, which varied in splendor according to the riches of the family. Some were of carved wood, some inlaid, others covered with velvet ornamented with richly gilt ironwork, and the finest of all were painted, often by famous artists, with the deeds of the ancestors of the family. The great luxury consisted in fine linen; "twenty dozen of everything" was the rule in those days, which is still adhered to among old-fashioned people in Tuscany.

It was in such a marriage chest that the beautiful Ginevra dei Benci, whose portrait exists in the fresco by Ghirlandajo in Sta. Maria Novella, hid while playing hide and seek the evening before her marriage. The cassone was of carved wood, and the heavy lid closed upon her, snapping the lock fast. All search for her was vain, and the old tale says that her fair fame suffered at the hands of malicious women, jealous of her exceeding beauty. Years afterwards, when the chest was forced open, the remains of the lovely Ginevra were found, still, it is said, preserving traces of beauty, and with the peculiar scent she used still lingering about her long, fair hair; in her right hand she grasped the jewel her bridegroom had given her to fasten the front of her gown. In Florence the *bella Ginevra* is still talked about among the common people, as the ideal type of woman's beauty.

All these old usages have vanished now among the gentlefolk of Florence, but some yet linger among the *contadini*, or peasantry, who are essentially conservative, and opposed to change. Sir Henry Maine has described\* a state of things among the south Slavonians and Rajpoots which is curiously like the life of

the Tuscan *contadino* of the present day.

The house community of the south Slavonians despotically ruled by the pater-familias, and the house-mother, who governs the women of the family, though always subordinate to the house-chief, is almost a counterpart of the primitive custom still prevailing in Tuscany, and doubtless existing in the days of the gallant youths and fair ladies we have mentioned above.

In all dealings of the *contadini* with strangers the *capoccio*, or head-man, represents the family, and his word or signature binds them all collectively. He administers the family affairs, and arranges what work is to be done during the day, and who is to do it. No member of the family can marry without his consent, ratified by that of the *padrone*, or landlord, and he keeps the common purse. On Saturday night the men state their wants to him, and he decides whether they are reasonable, and above all whether the family finances permit their realization. The rule of the *capoccio* is extremely despot, for I have known the case of an old man, the uncle of the head-man, being kept for some time without his weekly pittance for buying snuff as a punishment for disobedience to an order.

The dignity of *capoccio* is hereditary and generally goes to the eldest son, although it happens that he may be passed over, and an uncle or a younger brother chosen to fill the position, by the *padrone*, to whom the *capoccio* is responsible for the behavior of the rest of the family. Should he fall hopelessly ill, the family informs the *padrone* in an indirect way, who suggests to the head-man that he should abdicate; but in this case, and indeed whenever it is practicable, the choice of the successor is left to the *capoccio* himself, in order to maintain the dignity of the position.

The *massaia*, or house-mother, is generally one of the oldest women in the house; often the mother or the wife of the head-man, but occasionally of more distant kin. She retains the post until her death, and rules over the women, keeping the purse for the smaller house expenses, such as linen, clothes for the women, pepper, salt, and white rolls for the small children. All these are bought with the proceeds of the work of the women themselves, which includes the care of the silkworms, of the poultry, if they are permitted by the landlord to keep

\* In the *Nineteenth Century* magazine, December, 1877.

fowls, and the straw plaiting, which is universal in the lower Val d'Arno. The girls, from the age of fourteen, are allowed a certain time every day to work for their dowry, generally in the evening.

A bride brings into her husband's house a bed, some linen, a cassone, her personal clothes, and a *vezzo*, a necklace of several strings of irregular pearls, costing from five to a hundred pounds, according to the wealth of her father, or the amount she has been able to earn. The *vezzo* always represents half the dowry, and those who are too poor to buy pearls get a necklace of dark red coral.

After a due course of courtship — during which the young man visits his *innamorata* every Saturday evening and on holidays, bringing her a flower, generally a carnation, or a rose in the summer months, and improvising (if he can) *terze* or *ottave* rhymes in her honor, which he sings as he nears the house — the *capoccio* dons his best clothes, and goes in state to ask the hand of the girl for his son, brother, nephew, or cousin, as it may be. When the affair is settled, after much talking and gesticulation, like everything else in Tuscany, a *stimatore* or *savio*, an appraiser or wise man, is called in, who draws up an account of all the bride's possessions. This paper, duly signed and sealed, is consigned to the *capoccio* of the bridegroom's house, who keeps it carefully, as should the young man die without leaving children, the wife has a right to the value of all she brought into her husband's house. If there are children the *capoccio* is the sole guardian, and he administers their property for them, unless the mother has reason to think him harsh or unfaithful, when she may call for a *consiglio di famiglia*, or family council, who name two or more administrators.

A widow may elect to remain in her adopted family and look after her children, who by law belong to the representative of their father; or she can leave her children and return to her own people if they are able and willing to receive her, which is not often the case, as in Tuscany the *contadini* marry their children by rotation, so that often the younger sons or daughters have to wait for years, until the elder are settled in life. It would be an unheard of thing for a younger daughter to marry before her elder sister.

Second marriages of widows with children are rare, as the woman would sel-

dom be allowed to bring her children by the first husband into the house, and the folk-songs and proverbs are condemnatory of the practice: —

*Quando la capra ha passato il poggio non si ricorda più del figliuolo.* (When the she-goat has crossed the hillock she forgets her young.)

*Dio ti guardi da donna due volte maritate.* (God preserve thee from a twice married woman.)

*Quando se maritan vedove, il benedetto va tutto il giorno per casa.* (When widows marry, the dear departed is all day long about the house.)

*La vedovella quando sta'n del letto,  
Colle lagrime bagna le lenzuola;  
E si rivolta da quel altro verso:  
Accanto ci si trova la figliola.  
O figlia mia, se tu non fossi nata,  
Al mondo mi sarci rimaritata.*

(The widow lying in her bed,  
With tears bedews the sheets;  
And turns round to the other side,  
Where her daughter is.  
Oh, my daughter, dear, if thou hadst not been born,  
I should have found another husband in this world.)

After seven years of age the children are by law allowed to choose with whom they will live, and I have known some cases of children leaving their mother and coming of their own accord to their uncle or grandfather, begging to be taken into the paternal house.

When a marriage is settled, the family of the bride invites the *capoccio* and the bridegroom to dinner, to meet all her relations. This is called the *impalmamento*, and many toasts are drunk to the health of the young couple. It is considered highly improper for the bride to visit her future home, and even in her walks she takes care to avoid it. The other members of her family may visit it, but she would be dishonored forever if she went near her bridegroom's house.

The peasantry now almost universally observe the new law of civil marriage, but they still regard it as a mere form and look on the religious ceremony as the important thing. The civil marriage is often celebrated three or four days before the religious service, and the girl goes quietly home to her father's house until the day fixed for the latter.

In some parts of the Val d'Arno the custom of being married after sundown prevails, and the bride wears a black dress, with a white bonnet or cap and

white gloves, while, even in winter, a fan is an indispensable adjunct to her costume. Bridesmaids are unknown, as no unmarried girl is ever present at a marriage. The bride is attended to church by her father and mother, and her male and female married relations. The bridegroom's mother, or the *massaia* of his house, stays at home to welcome her new daughter, whom she meets on the threshold of the house with *il bacio di benvenuto* (the kiss of welcome). At the dinner or supper, as the case may be, everybody in turn makes a *brindisi* to the young couple. The female relations of the bride do not go to this dinner, and she makes up a basket of eatables to send home by one of the men.

During the first week of her marriage the bride is expected to be up before any one else, to light the fire and prepare coffee for the men before they go into the fields, and to cook the hot meal either at noon or in the evening, to show that she is a good housewife.

On the first Sunday or holiday following the wedding the mother and sisters of the bride come to see her, and the following week some of the family of the bridegroom accompany him and his young wife to her old home, where they dine; and this closes the festivities.

It occasionally happens that a family of peasants, living in the same house and originally nearly related, in the lapse of years lose relationship so completely that they might intermarry, but such a thing very rarely happens. I know a family of twenty-seven who are three distinct branches of the same family, but whose relationship dates back more than a hundred years. They, however, regard each other as of one family, and implicitly obey the *capoccio*, who is a comparatively young man.

The *mezzeria* or *métayer* system generally prevailing in Tuscany induces a patriarchal feeling between landlord and peasant, which is very pleasant to see, but is not conducive to agricultural progress, or a good thing for the landlord. He pays all the taxes to government, which are enormous; he provides the house rent free, and keeps it in repair; he buys the oxen, cows, and horses, bearing half the loss if they die, and of course getting half the profit when they are sold. The peasant gives his labor, the landowner gives the land and the capital, and the proceeds are divided between them. In bad years the landlord advances corn to his peasants, which they repay when

they can, in wine, oil, beans, etc. Where there is a large family of young children the peasant sometimes accumulates a load of debt that cripples him for years; in rare instances the landlord turns him out at six months' notice, and puts another family on the farm; but as a rule the peasants remain for generations on the same property, and always talk of themselves as the *gente* (people) of their landlord.

The English farmer does not exist in Tuscany; none of the peasants have enough capital to lease land, and if they had they would not do it, being so much better off under the *mezzeria*. If a peasant leased a farm he would probably starve in a bad season, instead of tiding it over as he now does by the *padrone's* help.

The small proprietors are gradually disappearing in Tuscany; they cannot pay the enormous taxes and live. One never takes up a newspaper without seeing a list of small proprietors whose *poderi* are for sale, by order of the *esattore* or tax-gatherer. The Tuscans are a gentle and long-suffering people, but such a condition of things produces a vast amount of discontent and hatred of the government, and destroys a valuable class of trustworthy, orderly citizens.

When a *contadino* is sent away, he occasionally finds a new *podere*, but most commonly sinks in the social scale and becomes a *bracciante* or day laborer, when his lot is miserable enough. The usual wage in Tuscany is one franc, twelve centimes, about elevenpence a day. The day's work begins at sunrise and lasts till sunset, with half an hour's rest for breakfast at eight in the morning and one hour for lunch at midday. In the great heat of summer the midday rest is prolonged, and the men come earlier and go away later from their work. When the weather is bad they are days without employment; and where there are many small children, the family is often at starvation point. The women in the lower Val d'Arno are universally occupied in straw plaiting, and if very expert can, in exceptional years, and for a short time, gain as much as tenpence a day. But fashion is always changing, and new plaits have to be learned, so that the average gain rarely exceeds twenty centimes or twopence a day. When the Japanese rush hats came into fashion, there was very great misery among all the poor plaiters, as Leghorn straw hats were almost unsalable.

Going out to service is looked upon as

a degradation among the Tuscan peasantry, and when you find a woman of that class in service she is certain to be either a childless widow, a burden on her own family and unkindly treated by the relatives of her late husband, or a girl who has not been allowed to marry as she wished. The contadino almost invariably chooses a wife in his own class, generally from a neighboring family. Favorite proverbs among the peasants are —

*Donne e buoi de' paesi tuoi.* (Women and oxen from thine own country.)

or

*Chi di contano si va a maritare, sara ingannato o vuol ingannare.* (He who seeks a wife from a distance will be deceived, or attempts deception.)

You will seldom find a peasant above thirty who can write and read, though some have learnt to sign their names in a sort of hieroglyph. The rising generation are being instructed in a desultory manner, and are wonderfully quick at learning. Every man in the army is forced to learn under penalty of being kept in the ranks until he can read, write, and cypher decently well; so that one may say that the army is one vast school. The conscription is, however, a very heavy tax, particularly on the agricultural population, and entails great misery. The loss, for three years, of the son, who in many cases is the chief bread-winner for his younger brothers and sisters, or for an invalid father, often reduces the family to beggary. I need not add that the loss to the country is enormous.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the army is the great, and probably the only, method of gradually fusing the different Italian races — I had almost said nationalities. Since the Middle Ages the hatred between not only the different provinces, but between the towns and even the smallest villages, has always existed, and is still extremely strong. An Italian seldom, if ever, in Italy at least, talks of himself as an Italian. He is a Neapolitan, a Tuscan, a Piedmontese, a Roman, or a Lombard; and each province thinks that it has the monopoly of honesty, truth, and exemption from crime. All this will, no doubt, pass when education has had time to influence the lower classes; and then also the quaint manners and customs I have attempted to describe will disappear, like the costume of the peasants, which now lingers on only in the meridional provinces.

JANET ROSS.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.

DR. BARRERE.

#### CHAPTER I.

DR. BARRERE was a young man who was beginning to make his way. In the medical profession, as in most others, this is not a very easy thing to do, and no doubt he had made some mistakes. He had given offence in his first practice to the principal person in the little town where he had set up his surgery by explaining that certain symptoms which his patient believed to mean heart disease were due solely to indigestion; and he still more deeply offended that gentleman's wife by telling her that her children were overfed. These are follies which a more experienced medical man would never commit; but this one was young and fresh from those studies in which, more than in any other profession, things have to be called by their right names. In his next attempt he had nearly got into more serious trouble still, by his devotion to an interesting and difficult case, in which, unfortunately, the patient was a woman. From this he came out clear, with no stain on his character, as magistrates say. But for a doctor, as often for a woman, it is enough that evil has been said. The slander, though without proof, has more or less a sting, and is recollected when all the circumstances — the disapproval, the clearing-up, even the facts of the case, have been forgotten. He was, therefore, not without experience when he came to settle in the great town of Poolborough, which might be supposed large enough and busy enough to take no note of those village lies and tempests in a teapot. And this proved to be the case. He was young, he was clever, he was *au courant* of all the medical discoveries, knew everything that had been discovered by other men, and was not without little discoveries and inventions of his own. He was still young, a few years over thirty, at the age which combines the advantages of youth and of maturity, strong in mind and in body, loving work, and fearing nothing. If his previous encounters with the foolish side of humanity had diminished in some degree his faith in it, and opened his eyes to the risks which those who think no evil are apt to run in their first conflict with the stupidities and base ideas of men, he had yet not suffered enough to make him bitter, or more than wary in his dealings with the narrow and uncomprehending. He no longer felt sure of being understood, or

that a true estimate of his intentions and motives was certain; but he did not go to the opposite extreme as some do, and take it for granted that his patients and their surroundings were incapable of doing him justice. He was sobered, but not embittered. He was wise enough neither to show too much interest, nor to betray too great an indifference. He listened seriously to the tale of symptoms which were nothing to anybody but their narrator, and he restrained his excitement when a matter of real importance, something delicate and critical, came under his view. Thus it was proved that he had learned his lesson. But he did not despise his fellow-creatures in general, or think all alike guilty of affectation and self-regard, which showed that he had not learned that lesson with extravagance. He was kind, but not too kind. He was clever, but not so clever as to get the alarming character of an experimentalist — in short, he was in every way doing well and promising well. When the untoward accident occurred which cut short his career in Poolborough he was universally well thought of and looked upon as a rising man.

It may be well before going further to indicate certain particulars in his antecedents which throw light upon Dr. Barrère's character and idiosyncrasies. He was of French origin, as may be perceived by his name. The name was not so distinctly French as held by his father and grandfather, who ignored the nationality, and wrote it phonetically Barraire. In their days, perhaps, a French origin was not an advantage. But in the days when Arnold Barrère was at college this prejudice had disappeared, and he was himself delighted to resort to the old orthography, and liked his friends to remember the accent which it pleased him to employ. Perhaps the keen logical tendency of his mind and disposition to carry everything out to its legitimate conclusion with a severity which the English love of compromise and accident prevents, were more important signs of his origin than even the accent over the *e*. Dr. Barrère for his part did not like to elude the right and logical ending either of an accent or a disease. It annoyed him even that his patient should recover in an irregular way. He liked the symptoms to follow each other in proper sequence; and the end which was foreseen and evident was that which he preferred to have occur, even when the avoidance of it, and deliverance of the sufferer were due to his own pow-

ers. Like his nation, or rather like the nation of his forefathers, he was disposed to carry out everything to its logical end. His outward man, like his mind, bore evidence of his parentage. He was about the middle height, of a light and spare figure, with a thickly growing but short and carefully cropped black beard, his complexion rather dark but very clear, his voice somewhat high-pitched for an Englishman, with an animated manner, and a certain sympathetic action of head and hand when he talked, scarcely enough to be called gesticulation, yet more than usually accompanies English speech. He seemed, in short, to have missed the influence of the two generations of English mothers and manners which might have been supposed to subdue all peculiarities of race, and to have stepped back to the immediate succession of that Arnold Barrère who was the first to bring the name to this island. These individual features gave a certain piquancy, many people thought, to the really quite English breeding of the doctor, who had never so much as crossed the Channel, and knew little more French than was consistent with a just placing of the accents, especially upon the letter *e*.

It would be unnecessary to enter into full detail of how he formed acquaintance with the Surtees, and came to the degree of intimacy which soon developed into other thoughts. It is a proper thing enough in a story, though not very true to real life, to describe a young doctor as falling in love, by a sick bed, with the angel daughter who is the best nurse and ministrant that a sick parent can have. Members of the medical profession are not more prone than other men to mingle their affections with the requirements of their profession, and probably a devoted nurse is no more the ideal of a young doctor than a good model is that of a painter. As a matter of fact, however, it was while attending Mrs. Surtees through a not very dangerous or interesting illness that Dr. Barrère made the acquaintance of Agnes. He might just as well have met her in the society which he frequented sparingly, for there was no particular difference in her sphere and his; but there were reasons why Miss Surtees went little out, less than most young women of her age. Her family was one of those which had ranked amongst the best in Poolborough in the time of their wealth, and no one could say still that their place was not with the "best people" of the town. But with a mercantile



community more than any other (though also more or less in every other) wealth is necessary for the retaining of that position. Women who go afoot cannot keep up with those who have carriages and horses at their command, neither can a girl in whose house no dances, no dinners, no entertainments, are ever given, associate long on easy terms with those who are in the full tide of everything, going everywhere, and exchanging hospitalities after the lavish fashion of wealthy commercial society. And this was not the only reason that kept Agnes Surtees out of the world. There was one more urgent which was told, and one which no one named but every one understood. The first was the delicate health of her mother. Dr. Barrère was aware that there was not very much in this. He knew that had she been able to drive about as did the ladies who were so sorry for her, and clothe herself in furs and velvet, and take change of air whenever she felt disposed, there would have been little the matter with Mrs. Surtees. But he was too sensible to breathe a word on this subject. He held his tongue at first from discretion, and afterwards because he had found out for himself why it was that Mrs. Surtees's delicate health was kept before the public of Poolborough. It took him some time to make this discovery; but partly from hints of others, and partly from his own perceptions, he found it out at last.

It was that these two ladies were involved in the life of a third member of their household — a son and brother whom the "best people" in Poolborough had ceased to invite, and whose name when it was mentioned was accompanied with shakings of the head and looks of disapproval. Dr. Barrère did not even see Jim Surtees until he had been acquainted with his mother and sister for nearly a year — not that he was absent, but only that his haunts and associates were not theirs. He was a young man who had never done well. He had been far more highly educated than was usual with the young men of Poolborough; instead of being sent into the counting-house in his youth he had been sent to Cambridge, which was all his father's pride and folly, the critics said, exempting Mrs. Surtees from blame in a manner most unusual. It was supposed that she had disapproved. She had come of a Poolborough family, in business from father to son, and knew what was necessary; but Surtees was from the country, from a poor race of country peo-

ple, and was disposed to think business beneath him, or at least to consider it as a mere stepping-stone to wealth. When he died so much less well off than was expected, leaving his family but poorly provided for, then was the moment when Jim Surtees might have proved what was in him, and stepped into the breach, replaced his mother and sister in their position, and restored the credit of his father's name. In that case all the old friends would have rallied round him; they would have backed him up with their credit, and given him every advantage. At such moments and in such emergencies mercantile men are at their best. No one would have refused the young man a helping hand — they would have hoisted him upon their shoulders into his father's place; they would have helped him largely, generously, manfully. Alas! Jim Surtees did then and there show what was in him. He had neither energy nor spirit nor ambition, nor any care for his father's name or his mother's comfort. He said at once that he knew nothing about business. What could he do? it was entirely out of his way. He scarcely knew what it was his father dealt in. Cotton? Yes — but what did he know about cotton, or book-keeping, or anything? The young man was interviewed by all who knew him; he was sent for by the greatest merchants in Poolborough. What he ought to do was set before him by everybody who had any right to speak, and by a great many who had none. But nothing moved him. He knew nothing about business — he would do nothing in it. Why should he try what he could not do? And with these replies he baffled all the anxious counsellors who were so eager to convince him to the contrary. Then there were situations suggested, even provided, for him; but these were all subject to the same objections. Finally it came about that Jim Surtees did nothing. He had not been long enough at Cambridge to take his degree. He was modest about his own capacities even when pupils were suggested to him. He did not know enough to teach, he declared, till his modesty drove the anxious advisers distracted. What was to be done? Jim Surtees eluded every expedient to make him do anything. At last he dropped altogether, and the best people in Poolborough were conscious of his existence no more.

These were the circumstances of the Surtees family when Dr. Barrère made their acquaintance. He thought for some time that the two ladies lived alone, and

that their withdrawal from society was somewhat absurd, based as it was on that delusion about Mrs. Surtees's health; but a little further information made him change his mind. He changed his mind about several things, modifying his first impressions as time went on. He had thought the mother one of those imaginary invalids who enjoy that gentle level of ill-health which does not involve much suffering, and which furnishes a pretty and interesting rôle for many unoccupied women; and he had thought her daughter an angelic creature, whose faith in her mother's *migraines* was such that she cheerfully and sweetly gave up the pleasures of her youth in order to minister to them. But as Dr. Barrère changed from a doctor into a friend; as he began to ask admittance at times when he was not called for, and when, last seal of a growing intimacy, he began to venture to knock at the door in the evening after dinner—a privilege which he pleaded for as belonging to the habits of his French ancestry (of which he knew so little)—his eyes were speedily opened to many things which a morning visitor would never have divined. The first time he did so, he perceived to his astonishment Agnes on the landing, half concealed by the turn of the staircase, eagerly looking down to see who it was; and her mother, though so little able to move about, was at the door of the little drawing-room, looking flushed and wretched, far more ill than when he had been called in to prescribe for her. For whom was it that they were looking? It could not be for himself, whom nobody had expected, whom they received with a tremulous kindness, half relieved, half reluctant. After a few such visits he began to see that the minds of these poor ladies were divided between pleasure in his society and fear to have him there. If he stayed a little longer than usual he saw that they became anxious, the mother breathless, with a desire to have him go away; and that even Agnes would accompany him down stairs with an eager alacrity as if she could not be comfortable till she had seen him out of the house. And yet they were always kind, liked him to come, looked for him, even would say a word which showed that they had noted his absence if for a week or so he did not appear; although while he was there they were ever watchful, starting at every sound, hurrying him away if he stayed beyond his time. The sight of a tall figure lurching along the street, of some one fumbling with a latch-key, of which

he was sometimes conscious as he went away, was scarcely necessary at last to make him aware what it was that occasioned this anxiety. Mrs. Surtees saw love dawning in the doctor's eyes. She would not shut out from her patient girl the chances of a happier lot; but what if the doctor should meet Jim! see him coming home sodden and stupid, or noisy and gay. As Dr. Barrère became intimate they had spoken to him of Jim. He was studying hard, he was writing, he was always busy, he was not fond of society. There were so many reasons why he should never appear. And by-and-by the doctor, with a great ache of pity, had learned all these excuses by heart, and penetrated their secret, and misconstrued their actions and habits no more.

Finally the doctor made the acquaintance of Jim, and to his great surprise not only liked him, but understood why the mother and sister were not always miserable, how life varied with them from day to day, and how even Mrs. Surtees was often cheerful, though never unwatchful, never at ease. Dr. Barrère thought with justice that nothing could be more miserable, more inexcusable, than the life the young man was leading. In theory fate should have put into every honest hand a whip to scourge such a good-for-nothing. And sometimes the doctor felt a righteous wrath, a desire to scourge till the blood came; but it was not so much out of moral indignation as out of an exasperated liking, an intolerable pity. What might happen in the house in those awful moments when all was silent, and everybody at rest save the mother and sister watching for Jim's return at night, neither the doctor nor any one knew. But at other moments Dr. Barrère found it impossible to resist, any more than the women did, the charm of a nature which had not lost its distinction even in the haunts where he had lost everything else. He even tried to attract and draw to himself the prodigal, entertaining visions on the subject and fancying how, if there were a man closely connected with the family, himself to wit, Arnold Barrère, and not merely women who wept and reproached and condoned and wept again, but never made a determined stand, nor struck a decisive blow, there might still be hope for Jim. It could not be said that this told as a motive in the fervor with which he offered himself to Agnes Surtees. The doctor was in love warmly and honestly, and as he made his declaration thought, as a lover ought, of nothing but Agnes.

Yet when she hesitated and faltered, and after a moment broke the long silence and spoke to him openly of her brother, there was the warmth of a personal desire in the eagerness with which he met her confessions halfway. "Jim is no drawback," he said eagerly—"to me none. I can help you with Jim. If you will have me there shall be no question of depriving him of any love or care. He shall have me in addition to help him to better things." "Oh," Agnes had cried, giving him both her hands in the fervor of love and trust, "God bless you, Arnold, for speaking of better things for Jim." And it was on this holy ground that their contract was made. Henceforward there were no concealments from him.

Dr. Barrère was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet. There was no reason why his marriage should be delayed. He wanted to have his wife—a possession almost indispensable, he assured Mrs. Surtees, with a smile, to a medical man; and the mother, anxious to see one child's fate assured, and still more anxious, catching with feverish hope at the help so hopefully offered for the other, had no inclination to put obstacles in the way. The marriage day was settled, and all the preparations thereto begun, when the sudden horror which still envelops the name of Surtees in Poolborough arose in a moment, and the following incidents occurred to Dr. Barrère.

#### CHAPTER II.

HE was going to visit a patient in a suburb one dark October night. But it could scarcely be called dark. There was a pallid moon somewhere among the clouds whitening the heavy mist that lay over the half-built environs of the town—dismal blank spaces—fields which were no longer fields, streets which were not yet streets. The atmosphere was charged with vapor, which in its turn was made into a dim, confusing whiteness by the hidden moon. Everybody knows how dismal are these outskirts of a great city. A house built here and there stood out with a sinister solidity against the blank around. New roads and streets laid out with indications of pavement, cut across the ravaged fields. Here there was a mass of bricks, and there a pool of water. A piece of ragged hedgerow, a remnant of its earlier state, still bordered the highway here and there; a forlorn tree shedding its leaves at every breath of air stood at the corner where two ways met. Dr. Barrère was no ways timid, but he felt a chill

of isolation and something like danger as he pushed his way towards one of the furthest points of the uncompleted road, where one house stood shivering in the vague damp and whiteness. He had to cross the other branching road, at the corner of which stood the shivering poplar, which shed its leaves as if with a perpetual shrinking of fear. There he was vaguely aware of something standing in the shade of the ragged hedgerow—a figure which moved as he passed, and seemed to make a step forward as if awaiting some one. To say that it was a figure he saw would be too distinct—he saw a movement, a something more solid than the mist, which detached itself as if with a suggestion of watchfulness, and immediately subsided again back into the shadows. Dr. Barrère, though he was not timid, felt the thrill as of a possible danger, the suggestion having something in it more moving than a distincter peril. But if there was a man lurking there waiting for some passer-by, it was not at least for him, and he walked quickly on, and presently in the interest of his patient, and in the many thoughts that hurry through every active brain, forgot the curious hint of mystery and danger which had for a moment excited his imagination.

When he approached the spot again on his return, even the suggestion had died out of his mind. His eyesight and all his faculties were keen, as befits his profession, and he saw, without being aware that he was seeing, everything that came within his range of vision. Accordingly he perceived without paying any attention, the vague figure of a man crossing the opening of the road where the poplar marked the corner, coming towards him. He saw the solid speck in the white mist approaching—then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, this vague silhouette in the night became a sudden swift scene of pantomimic tragedy, all done and over in a moment. A sudden movement took place in the scene; another something, almost less than a shadow, suddenly came into it from behind the poplar. No, these words are too strong. What came into the night was the sound of a crashing blow and a fall, and another figure, in a different position, standing over something prostrate, raining down, as in a fit of frantic passion, blow on blow. Passion, murder, horror, came in a second into the still confusion of the misty air. Then, swift as the sudden commotion, came a pause—a wild cry of consternation, as if

for the first time the actor in this terrible momentary tragedy had become aware what he was doing. The spectator's senses were so absorbed in the suddenness of the catastrophe that there was time enough for the whole drama to enact itself before he found voice. He had broken mechanically into a run, and thought that he called out. But it was not (it seemed to him in the hurried progression of ideas) his cry or the sound of his approach, but the sudden horror which had seized the man (was he a murderer?), who had in a moment come to himself. When the doctor at full speed, and calling out mechanically, automatically for help! help! reached the spot where the prostrate figure was lying, the other had taken flight down the cross road and was already invisible in the distance. The doctor's first care was for the victim. He was not an avenger of blood, but a healer of men.

Presently there appeared around him two or three startled people—one from the nearest house carrying a small lamp, which made the strangest, weird appearance in the misty night; a passer-by on his way home; a vagrant from the deserted fields. They helped the doctor to turn over the murdered man, who was still living, but no more, and who, it was evident to Dr. Barrère's experienced eyes, was on the point of death and beyond all human help. The lamp had been placed on the ground close by, and sent up an odor of paraffin along with the yellow rays that proceeded from its globe of light, and the figures kneeling and bending over the inanimate thing in the midst looked more like a group of murderers than people bringing help and succor. Some time had elapsed before the means of transporting him even to the nearest house had been procured, and by that time there was no longer any question of what could be done on his behalf, and all that was possible was to carry away the body. Dr. Barrère walked beside the melancholy convoy to the nearest police station, where he made his deposition; and then he went home in all the tremor of excitement and mental commotion. He had fortunately no visits to pay that evening of any importance; but he was too much stirred and troubled to remain quietly at home, and after a while hurried out to Agnes, his natural confidant, to tell her all about the shock he had received. It struck him with surprise to see, when he entered the little drawing-room, that Jim was with his mother and sister. It was a thing

that had very seldom happened before. He sat apart from them at the writing-table, where he was writing, or making believe to write, letters. The sight of him struck Dr. Barrère with a certain surprise, but he could not have told why. There was no reason why he should not be found in his mother's drawing-room. It was true that he was rarely to be seen there, but yet sometimes he would make his appearance. This evening he had dressed for dinner, which was still more unusual; perhaps he was going out to some late evening party; perhaps some one had been expected to dinner. These thoughts flew vaguely through Dr. Barrère's mind, he could not have told why. There was no particular reason why he should thus desire to penetrate the motives of Jim Surtees's behavior, or to explain to himself why the young man was there. The speculation passed through his head without thought, if such an expression may be used, without any volition of his, as half our thoughts do, like the chance flight of birds or butterflies across the air. They did not detain him a moment as he came forward with his greetings, and met the pleased surprise of the reception which the ladies gave him. "I thought it was too late to look for you," his Agnes said, with a brightening of all the soft lines of her face, as if the sun had risen upon a landscape. And then, as it was cold, a chair was drawn for him near the fire. "You have been kept late on your round to-night," said Mrs. Surtees. "Have you any very anxious case?"

"It is no case that has kept me," said the doctor. "I have had a dreadful encounter in the road. You know that district up beyond St. George's-in-the-Fields—those half-built, desolate villas and cottages. The roads are as lonely as if they were in the middle of a wood. A new quarter by night is as bad as a bare moor."

Agnes stood listening with her hand on the back of his chair, but still a smile upon her face—the smile of pleasure at his coming. Mrs. Surtees had let her knitting fall upon her lap, and was looking at him, listening with pleased interest. They had not perceived the agitation which, indeed, until he began to speak, he had managed to suppress. "And what happened?" Mrs. Surtees said.

"I have been," he answered, his voice breaking in spite of himself, "the witness of a murder."

"Good heavens!" The ladies were too much startled to put another question except with their eager eyes. They drew

closer to him; the hand of Agnes glided to his shoulder from the back of his chair. What she thought first was that his emotion did honor to him.

Then he described to them briefly what he had seen—the lurking figure in the shadow which had alarmed himself as he passed first, but which he soon perceived had no hostile intentions towards him; the appearance of the man approaching from the opposite direction as he returned; the sudden assault; the rapid, breathless, horrible suddenness of the tragedy. The ladies hung upon his lips, making exclamations of horror. It was not till afterwards that Dr. Barrère became aware that the young man at the table behind made no sign, said not a word. He had told everything, and answered half-a-dozen hurried, faltering questions before Jim made any remark. Then he suddenly stirred behind backs (the group at the fireside having forgotten his presence) and asked "What are you talking about? What's happened?" in a deep, half-growling voice, as of a man disturbed in his occupation by some fuss of which he did not grasp the meaning.

"Oh," said Mrs. Surtees, wiping her moist eyes, "did you not hear, Jim? The doctor has seen a murder committed. God preserve us! I feel as if I had seen it myself. A dreadful thing like that coming so near us! It is as if we were mixed up in it," she said.

"A murder? Are you sure it was a murder? It might be nothing more than a quarrel—how could you tell in the dark?" said Jim, always in the same gruff, almost indignant voice.

"If you had seen it as I did you would have been in no doubt," said Dr. Barrère, turning half round, and catching a side view of the tall figure slouching with hands in his pockets, his face clouded with a scowl of displeasure, his shoulders up to his ears. This silhouette against the light gave him a thrill, he scarcely knew why. He paused a moment, and then added, "After all you may be right; it was murder to all intents and purposes—but whether it was intended to be so there may be a doubt."

"You are always so ready to come to tragical conclusions," said Jim in easier tones. "I dare say it will turn out to have been a quarrel, and no more."

"A quarrel in which one is killed is apt to look like murder."

These words gave them all a shivering sensation. Even Jim's shoulders went up to his ears as if he shared the involuntary

shudder—and Mrs. Surtees said again, drying her eyes, "It is as if we were mixed up in it. Poor man, poor man, cut off in a moment, without a thought!"

"It appears he is a well-known and very bad character," said Dr. Barrère. "I feel almost more sorry for the poor wretch that did it. The cry he gave when he saw what he had done still rings in my ears."

"Then you think he did not mean it, Arnold?"

"God knows! You would have said he meant everything that passion and rage could mean to see the blows; but that cry——"

"He repented, perhaps—when it was too late."

"It was horror—it was consternation. It was the cry of a man who suddenly saw what he had done."

There was a pause of sympathetic horror and pity. Then Jim Surtees went back to the writing-table, and Dr. Barrère continued his conversation with the ladies, which, however they tried to break into other and happier subjects, returned again and again to the terrible scene from which he had just come. They spoke in low tones together over the fire—the doctor recounting over and over again the feelings with which he had contemplated the extraordinary, sudden tragedy, the rapidity with which all its incidents followed each other, leaving him scarcely time to cry out before all was over. He was naturally full of it, and could speak of nothing else, and his betrothed and her mother, always sympathetic, threw themselves entirely into the excitement which still possessed him. It was late when he rose to go away, soothed and calmed, and with a sense of having at last exhausted the incident. It startled him as he turned round, after taking leave of Mrs. Surtees, to see that Jim was still there. And the aspect of the young man was sufficiently remarkable. The candles on the writing-table behind which he sat had burnt low. They had escaped from the little red shades which had been placed over them, and were flaring low, like a level sun in the evening, upon the figure behind, which, with his head bowed in his hands and shoulders up to his ears, seemed unconscious of all that was passing. Jim neither saw nor heard the doctor move. He was absorbed in some all-important matter of his own.

Next day Dr. Barrère was still deeply occupied by the scene he had seen. He was summoned for the coroner's inquest,



and he was, as was natural, questioned by everybody he met upon a subject which was in all men's mouths. It was equally natural that he should return next evening to bring the account of all the encounters he had gone through and all that was news on the subject to Agnes and her mother. Once more he noted with surprise that Jim was in the drawing-room. Was he turning over a new leaf? Had he seen the folly of his ways at last?

They were sitting as before over the fire, Dr. Barrère telling his story, the ladies listening with absorbed attention. The interest of this terrible tragedy which had taken place almost within their ken, which they were seeing through his eyes, was absorbing to them. They wanted to know everything, the most minute details, what questions had been asked him, and what he had replied. Jim was still behind backs at the writing-table with the two candles in their red shades, which did not betray his face, but threw a strange light upon his hands and the occupation in which he seemed to be absorbed. He was playing an old-fashioned game with small colored glass balls on a round board, called *solitaire* in the days when it was in fashion. The little tinkle of the balls as he placed them in the necessary order came in during the pauses in the talk like a faint accompaniment. But no one looked at him; they were too much absorbed in Dr. Barrère's report.

"And are you the only witness, Arnold?" Agnes asked.

"The only one who saw the deed done," he said. "It is very rarely that there is even one witness to the actual fact of a murder. But there is other evidence than mine; the man is supposed to have been seen by various people, and there is a dumb witness of the first importance, the stick which he must have thrown away, or which dropped from his hand in the horror, as I shall always believe, of his discovery of what he had done."

At this point there was a ring as of the glass balls all tinkling together on the board. The doctor turned round, slightly startled in the high tension of his nerves, and saw that Jim had upset his plaything, and that the balls were rolling about the table. But this was far from being an unusual accident in the game, and neither Mrs. Surtees nor Agnes took any notice, their nerves were not strained as Dr. Barrère's had been. The mother spoke low with a natural thrill of horror and pity. "And is it known," she said, "is it known to whom the stick belongs?"

Before Dr. Barrère could reply there came a knock to the door—a knock not at the door of the room in which they sat, but below at the street door, a thing unusual indeed at that hour, but not so startling in general as to excite or alarm them. But perhaps all their nerves were affected more or less. It was very sudden and sharp, and came into the calm domestic atmosphere with a scarcely comprehensible shock. They all turned round, and Jim, the doctor saw, had suddenly risen up, and stood with his face turned towards the door. The summons rang through the silence with an effect altogether out of keeping with its simplicity.

"Who can that be so late?" said Mrs. Surtees. "Jim, will you go and see?"

"It must be some one for me," the doctor said.

"Poor Arnold! I hope it is some one near," said Agnes faltering—for neither of them believed what they said. It was something terrible, something novel, some startling new event whatever it was. Jim, instead of doing as his mother wished, sat down again behind the writing-table, within the shelter of the red shades on the candles, and they all waited, scarcely venturing to draw breath. Presently the neat parlor-maid, pale too, and with a visible tremor, opened the door. She said, with a troubled look at her mistress, that, please there was some one down-stairs who wanted to speak to Mr. Jim. Mrs. Surtees was the last to be moved by the general agitation. She said, "For Mr. Jim? But let him come up, Ellen. Jim, you had better ask your friend to come up-stairs."

Once more there was a terrible, incomprehensible pause. Jim, who had fallen rather than re-seated himself on the sofa which stood behind the writing-table, said not a word; his face was not visible behind the shaded lights. Mrs. Surtees threw a glance round her—a troubled appeal for she knew not what enlightenment. Then she said breathlessly, "What has happened? What is the matter? Who is it? Ellen, you will show the gentleman up-stairs."

Heavens! how they stood listening, panic-stricken, not knowing what they were afraid of, nor what there was to fear. Mrs. Surtees still kept her seat tremulously, and Jim, lost in the corner of the sofa, suddenly extinguished the candles—an act which they all seemed to approve and understand without knowing why. And then there came a heavy foot ascending the stairs. Mrs. Surtees did not know

the man who came in—a tall, soldierly man with a clear and healthful countenance. It even gave her a momentary sensation of comfort to see that Jim's "friend" was no bleary-eyed young rake, but a person so respectable. She rose to meet him with her old-fashioned courtesy. "Though I have not the pleasure of knowing you," she said with a smile, which was tremulous by reason of that causeless agitation, "my son's friends are always welcome." Oh heaven above! her son's friend! Dr. Barrère was the only one among them who knew the man. The sight of him cleared the whole matter in a moment, and shed a horrible light over everything to the doctor's eyes. He made a sudden sign to the new-comer, imploring silence.

"I know this gentleman, too, Mrs. Surtees," he said, "he is one of my—friends, also. Would it be taking a great liberty if I were to ask you to leave us for a few minutes the use of this room? Agnes, it is a great intrusion—but—for God's sake take her away!" he said in his betrothed's ear.

Mrs. Surtees looked at him with some surprise and an air of gentle dignity not entirely without offence. "My dear," she said to Agnes, "Dr. Barrère would not ask such a thing without good reason for it, so let us go." She was not a woman who had been accustomed to take the lead even in her own family, and she was glad, glad beyond description, to believe that the business, whatever it was, was Dr. Barrère's business, and not—anything else. She accepted it with a trembling sense of relief, yet a feeling that the doctor was perhaps taking a little too much upon him, turning her out of her own room.

The two men stood looking at each other as the ladies went away, with Jim still huddled in the corner of the sofa, in the shade, making no sign. Dr. Barrère saw, however, that the stranger, with a glance round of keen, much practised eyes, had at once seen him, and placed himself between Jim and the door. When the ladies had disappeared the doctor spoke quickly. "Well," he said, "what is it, Morton? Some new information?"

"Something I regret as much as any one can, Dr. Barrère. I have to ask Mr. Surtees to come with me. There need be no exposure for the moment; but I must take him without delay."

"Take him!" The doctor made a last effort to appear not to perceive. He said, "Have you too seen something,

then? Have you further evidence to give, Jim?"

There was no reply. Neither did the superintendent say a word. They stood all three silent. Jim had risen up; his limbs seemed unable to support him. He stood leaning on the table, looking out blankly over the two extinguished candles and their red shades. The officer went up and laid his hand lightly upon the young man's shoulder. "Come," he said, "you know what I'm here for; and I am sorry, very sorry for you, Mr. Jim; but no doubt you'll be able to make it all clear."

"Barrère," said Jim, struggling against the dryness in his throat, "you can prove that I've not been out of the house—that I was at home all last night. I couldn't—I couldn't, you know, be in two places at one time—could I, Barrère?"

"Mr. Jim, you must remember that whatever you say now will tell against you at the trial. I take you to witness, doctor, that I haven't even told him what it was for."

Jim ground out an oath from between his clenched teeth. "Do I need to ask?" he said. "Doesn't everybody know I hated him—and good reason too—hated him and threatened him—but, God help me, not to kill him!" cried the young man with a voice of despair.

#### CHAPTER III.

DR. BARRERE was left to break the news to the mother and daughter. He never knew how he accomplished this dreadful office. They came back when they heard the door shut, evidently not expecting to find him, believing that he had withdrawn with his "friend"—and the anxious, searching eyes with which his Agnes looked round the room, the mingled terror and pleasure of her look on discovering him, never faded from his mind. Mrs. Surtees was more disappointed than pleased. She said, with an evident sudden awakening of anxiety, "Where is Jim?" And then he had to tell them. How did he find words to do it? But the wonderful thing, the dreadful thing, was that after the shock of the first intimation there seemed little surprise in the looks of these poor ladies. The mother sank down in her chair and hid her face in her hands, and Agnes stood behind her mother, throwing her arms round her, pressing that bowed head against her breast. They did not cry out indignantly that it was not—could not be true. They were silent, like those upon whom something long looked for had

come at last. The doctor left them after a while with a chill in his very soul. He could say nothing; he could not attempt to console them in the awful silence which seemed to have fallen upon them. Agnes tried to smile as he went away — tried with her trembling lips to say something. But she could not conceal from him that she wished him to go, that he could give no comfort, that the best thing he could do for them in their misery was to leave them alone. He went home very miserable in that consciousness of being put aside, and allowed no share in the anguish of the woman whom he loved. It was intolerable to him; it was unjust. He said to himself as he walked along that the tacit abandonment of Jim, the absence of all protest on their part that his guilt was impossible — a protest which surely a mother and sister in any circumstances ought to have made — was hard, was unjust. If all the world condemned him, yet they should not have condemned him. He took Jim's part hotly, feeling that he was a fellow sufferer. Even were he dissipated and reckless, poor fellow, there was a long, long way between that and murder. Murder! There was nothing in Jim which could make it possible that he could have to do with a murder. If he was hasty in temper, poor fellow, his nature was sweet, notwithstanding all his errors. Even he, Arnold Barrère, a man contemptuous of the manner of folly which had ruined Jim, a man with whom wrath and revenge might have awakened more sympathy — even he had come to have a tenderness for the erring young man. And to think that Jim could have lain in wait for any one, could have taken a man at a disadvantage, was, he declared to himself with indignation, impossible. It was impossible! though the two women who were nearest to him — his mother and his sister — did not say so, did not stand up in vindication of the unhappy youth.

When he had exhausted this natural indignation Dr. Barrère began to contemplate the situation more calmly, and to arrange its incidents in his mind. The horror of the thought that he was himself the chief witness affected him little at first, for it was to the fact only that he could speak, and the culprit, so far as he was concerned, was without identity, a shadow in the night, and no more. But a chill came over that flush of indignant partisanship with which he had made a mental stand for Jim when the other circumstances flashed upon him. He re-

membered his own surprise to find Jim in the drawing-room when he arrived at Mrs. Surtees's house; to see his dress so unusual, though scarcely more unusual than the fact of his being there. He remembered how the young man held aloof, how the candles had flared upon him neglected. The little scene came before Dr. Barrère like a picture — the candle-shades standing up in a ludicrous neglect, the light flaring under them upon Jim's face. And then again, to-night; the senseless game with which he seemed to amuse himself; the tremble of his hands over the plaything; his absence of interest in the matter which was so exciting to the others. Why was Jim there at all? Why did he ask no question? Why keep behind unexcited, unsurprised, while the doctor told his story? And then the reason thrust itself upon him in Jim's own words — "I couldn't be in two places at once, could I? You can prove that I was here last night." Good God, what did it mean? Jim — Jim! — and his mother and sister, who had sunk into despair without a word, who had never said as women ought, "We know him better; it is not true — it is not true."

Dr. Barrère went home more wretched than words can say. Hard and terrible is an unjust accusation; but oh, how easy, how sweet, how possible, is even the shame which is undeserved! A century of that is as nothing in comparison with a day or hour of that which is merited — of the horror which is true. He tried to hope still that it was not true; but he felt coming over him, like a pall, the terror which he could now perceive had quenched the very hearts in the bosoms of the two women who were Jim's natural defenders. They had not been able to say a word — and neither could he. Dr. Barrère stood still in the middle of the dark street with the damp wind blowing in his face as all this came before him. A solitary passer-by looked round surprised, and looked again, thinking the man was mad. He saw in a moment as by a revelation, all that was before them — and himself. The horrible notoriety, the disgrace, the endless stigma. It would crush *them* and tear their lives asunder; but for him also, would not that be ruin too?

## CHAPTER IV.

THE trial took place after a considerable interval, for the assizes were just over when the man was killed. In that dreadful time of suspense and misery proof after proof accumulated slowly with a

gradual drawing together as of the very web of fate. The stick which was found by the body of the murdered man was Jim's stick, with his initials upon it, in a silver band—alas! his mother's gift. He was proved to have had a desperate quarrel with the man, who was one of those who had corrupted and misled him. Then the *alibi* which had seemed at first so strong disappeared into worse than nothing when examined; for Jim had been seen on his flight home; he had been seen to enter furtively and noiselessly into his mother's house, though the servants were ready to swear that he had not gone out that night; and all the precautions he had taken, instead of bringing him safety, only made his position worse, being shown to be precautions consciously taken against a danger foreseen. All these things grew into certainty before the trial; so that it was all a foregone conclusion in the minds of the townspeople, some of whom yielded to the conviction with heartfelt pity, and some with an eager improving of the situation, pointing out to what horrible conclusions vice was sure to come.

Meanwhile this strange and horrible event, which had held the town for more than nine days in wonder and perturbation, and which had given a moral to many a tale, and point to many a sermon, held one little circle of unhappy creatures as in a ring of iron—unable to get away from it, unable to forget it, their hearts, their hopes, their life itself, marked forever with its trace of blood. The two ladies had roused themselves from their first stupor into a half-fictitious adoption of their natural rôle as defenders of Jim. God knows through how many shocks and horrors of discovery Jim had led them, making something new, something worse, always the thing to be expected, before they had come to that pitch that their hearts had no power to make any protest at all. But when the morning rose upon their troubled souls they began to say to each other that it could not be true. It could not be true! Jim had now and then an *accès* of sudden rage, but he was the kind of man of whom it is said that he would not hurt a fly. How could it be possible that he would do a murder? It was not possible; any other kind of evil thing—but not that, oh, not that! They said this to each other when they rose up from the uneasy bed in which mother and daughter had lain down together, not able to separate from each other—though those rules of use and wont which are so strong on women made them lie down as

if to sleep, where no sleep was. But when the light came—that awful light which brings back common life to us on the morning after a great calamity—they looked into each other's pale faces, and with one voice said, "Oh no, no, it cannot be!" "Mother," cried Agnes, "he would not hurt a fly. Oh, how kind he was when I was ill, when you had your accident—do you remember?" Who does not know what these words are—do you remember? All that he was who is dead; all that he might have been who is lost; all the hopes, the happy prospects, the cheerful days before trouble came. No words more poignant can be said. They did not need to ask each other what they remembered—that was enough. They clasped each other and kissed with trembling lips, and then Agnes rose, bidding her mother rest, and went to fetch her the woman's cordial, the cup of tea—which is so often all one poor female creature can offer to another by way of help.

No, no, he could not have done it! They took a little comfort for the moment. And another strange comfort they took in a thing which was one of the most damning pieces of evidence against Jim; which was that he had quarrelled violently with the murdered man and denounced him, and declared hatred and everlasting enmity against him. The story of the quarrel as it was told to them brought tears, which were almost tears of joy, to Mrs. Surtees's eyes. The man who had been killed was one of those adventurers who haunt the outskirts of society wherever there are victims to be found. He had preyed upon the lives and souls of young men in Poolborough since the days when Jim Surtees was an innocent and credulous boy. It was not this man's fault that Jim had gone astray, for Jim, alas! was all ready for his fall, and eager after everything that was forbidden; but in the fits of remorse and misery which sometimes came upon him it was perhaps no wonder if he laid it at Langton's door; and that the mother should have held Langton responsible, who could wonder? The facts of the quarrel were as so many nails in Jim's coffin; but God help the poor woman, they gave consolation to his mother's heart. They meant repentance, she thought, they meant generosity and a pathetic indignation, and more, they meant succor; for the quarrel had arisen over an unfortunate youth whom the blackleg was throwing his toils around as he had thrown them around Jim, and whom Mrs. Surtees believed Jim had saved by exposing the

villain. The story was told reluctantly, delicately, to the poor ladies, as almost sealing Jim's fate; and to the consternation of the narrator, who was struck dumb, and could only stare at them in a kind of stupor of astonishment, they looked at each other and broke forth into cries at first inarticulate which were almost cries of joy. "You do not see the bearing of it, I fear," said the solicitor who had the management of the case, as soon as out of his astonishment he had recovered his voice. "Oh sir," cried Mrs. Surtees, "what I see is this, that my boy has saved another poor woman's son, God bless him! and that will not be forgotten, that will not be forgotten!" This gentleman withdrew in a state of speechless consternation. "No, it will not be forgotten," he said to Dr. Barrère. "I think the poor lady has gone out of her senses, and little wonder. It is a piece of evidence which we can never get over." Dr. Barrère shook his head, not understanding the women much better than the lawyer did. This gave them consolation, and yet it was the seal of Jim's fate.

Dr. Barrère himself in the long period of waiting was a most unhappy man. He stood by the Surtees nobly, everybody said. No son could have been more attentive than he was to the poor mother who was entirely broken by this blow, and had suddenly become an old woman. And he never wavered in his faith and loyalty to Agnes, who but for that noble fidelity would, everybody said, have been the most of all to be pitied. For Agnes was young, and had all her life before her, with the stain of this crime upon her name; and if her lover had not stood by her what would have become of her? The people who had been doubtful of Dr. Barrère, as half a Frenchman, as too great a theorist, as a man who had not been quite successful in his outset, began now to look upon him with increased respect, and his firmness, his high honor, his disinterestedness were commented upon on all sides. But in his heart the doctor was far from happy. His life, too, seemed in question as well as Jim's. If the worst came to the worst, he asked himself, would society, however sympathetic for the moment, receive the family of a man who had been hanged — horrible words! — without prejudice? Would there not be a stigma upon the name of Surtees, and even upon the name of him who had given his own as a shield to the family of the murderer? He did his duty — no man more truly. He loved his Agnes with all the warmth of an

honest heart, taking his share of all her trouble, supporting her through everything, making himself for her sake the brother of a criminal, and one of the objects of popular curiosity and pity. All this he did from day to day, and went on doing it; but still there were struggles and dreadful misgivings in Dr. Barrère's heart. He was a proud man, and except for what he made by his profession a poor one. If that failed him he had nothing else to fall back upon, and he already knew the misery of unsuccess. He knew what it was to see his practice wasting away, to see his former patients pass by shamefacedly, conscious of having transferred their ailments and themselves to other hands, to be put aside for no expressed reason out of the tide of life. At Poolborough he had begun to forget the experiences of his beginning, and to feel that at last he had got hold of the thread which would lead him if not to fortune, at least to comfort and the certainties of an established course of living. Would this last? he asked himself; would it make no difference to him if he identified himself with ruin — ruin so hideous and complete? The question was a terrible one, and brought the sweat to his brow when in chance moments, between his visits and his cases, between the occupations and thoughts which absorbed him, now and then, suddenly, in spite of all the pains he took, it would start up and look him in the face. "He had a brother who was hanged," that was what people would say; they would not even after a little lapse of time pause to recollect that it was his wife's brother. The brand would go with them wherever he went. "You remember the great murder case in Poolborough? Well, these were the people, and the brother was hanged." These words seemed to detach themselves and float in the air. He said them to himself sometimes, or rather they were said in his ear, without anything else to connect them. The phrase seemed already a common phrase which any one might use, "The brother was hanged." And then cold drops of moisture would come out upon his forehead. And all the possibilities of life, the success which is dear to a man, the advancement of which he knew himself capable — was it all to go? Was he to be driven back once more to that everlasting re-commencement which makes the heart of a man sick?

These thoughts accompanied Dr. Barrère as he went and came, a son, and more than a son, to Mrs. Surtees, and to



Agnes the most faithful, the most sympathetic of lovers. At such a moment, and in face of the awful catastrophe which had come upon them, any talk of marriage would have been out of place. He had, indeed, suggested it at first in mingled alarm and desperation, and true desire to do his best, in the first impulse of overwhelming sympathy, and at the same time in the first glimpse of all that might follow, and sickening horror of self-distrust lest his resolution might give way. He would have fled from himself, from all risks of this nature into the safety of a bond which he could not break. But Agnes had silently negatived the proposal with a shake of her head and a smile of pathetic tenderness. She, too, had thoughts of the future, of which she breathed no word to any one, not even to her mother. All that was in his mind as subject of alarm and misgiving was reflected, with that double clearness and vivification which is given to everything reflected in the clear flowing of a river, in the mind of Agnes. She saw all with the distinctness of one to whom the sacrifice of herself was nothing when compared with the welfare of those she loved. He was afraid lest these alarms might bring him into temptation, and the temptation be above his strength; and his soul was disturbed and made miserable. But to Agnes the matter took another aspect. All that he foresaw she foresaw, but the thought brought neither disturbance nor fear. It brought the exaltation of a great purpose — the solemn joy of approaching martyrdom. Arnold should never suffer for her. It was she who would have the better part and suffer for him.

The dreadful fact that it was Dr. Barrère only who had witnessed the murder, and that he would have to speak and prove what he had seen, became more and more apparent to them all as the time drew on. His description of the blows that had been rained down wildly on the victim, and of the lurking figure in the shadow which he had noted, as he passed the first time, took away all hope that it might be supposed the act of a momentary madness without premeditation. The doctor had told his story with all the precision that was natural to him before he knew who it was that would be convicted by it; and now it was no longer possible for him, even had his conscience permitted it, to soften the details which he had at first given so clearly, or to throw any mist upon his clear narrative. He had to repeat it all, knowing the fatal effect it must have,

standing up with Jim's pale face before him, with a knowledge that somewhere in a dim corner Agnes sat with bowed head listening — to what she already knew so well. The doctor's countenance was as pale as Jim's. His mouth grew dry as he bore his testimony; but not all the terrible consequences could make him alter a word. He could scarcely refrain a groan, a sob, when he had done; and this involuntary evidence of what it cost him to tell the truth increased the effect in the highest degree, as the evidence of an unwilling witness always does. There was but one point in which he could help the prisoner; and fortunately that too had been a special point in his previous evidence; but it was not until Dr. Barrère got into the hands of Jim's advocate that this was brought out. "I see," the counsel said, "that in your previous examination you speak of a cry uttered by the assailant after the blows which you have described. You describe it as a cry of horror. In what sense do you mean this to be understood?"

"I mean," said Dr. Barrère very pointedly and clearly — and if there had been any divided attention in the crowded court where so many people had come to hear the fate of one whom they had known from his childhood, every mind was roused now, and every eye intent upon the speaker — "I mean —" He paused to give fuller force to what he said.

"I mean that the man who struck those blows for the first time realized what he was doing. The cry was one of consternation and dismay. It was the cry of a man horrified to see what he had done."

"The cry was so remarkable that it made a great impression on your mind?"

"A very great impression. I do not think I have ever heard an utterance which affected me so much."

"You were hurrying forward at the time to interpose in the scuffle? Did you distinguish any words? Did you recognize the voice?"

"It would give an erroneous impression to say that I meant to interpose in the scuffle. There was no scuffle. The man fell at once. He never had a chance of defending himself. I did not recognize the voice, nor can I say that any words were used. It was nothing but a cry."

"The cry, however, was of such a nature as to induce you to change your mind in respect to what had occurred?"

"I had no time to form any theory. The impression it produced on my mind was that an assault was intended, but not

murder; and that all at once it had become apparent to the unfortunate —" Here the doctor paused, and there was a deep, sobbing breath of intense attention drawn by the crowd. He stopped for a minute, and then resumed, "It had become apparent to the — assailant that he had — gone too far; that the consequences were more terrible than he had intended. He threw down what he had in his hand, and fled in horror."

"You were convinced, then, that there was no murderous intention in the act of the unfortunate — as you have well said — assailant?"

"That was my conviction," said Dr. Barrère.

The effect made upon the assembly was great. And though it was no doubt diminished more or less by the cross-examination of the counsel for the prosecution, who protested vehemently against the epithet of unfortunate applied to the man who had attacked in the dark another man who was proceeding quietly about his own business, who had lain in wait for him and assaulted him murderously with every evidence of premeditation, it still remained the strongest point in the defence. "You say that you had no time to form any theory?" said the prosecutor; "yet you have told us that you rushed forward calling out murder. Was this before or after you heard the cry, so full of meaning which you have described?"

"It was probably almost at the same moment," said Dr. Barrère.

"Yet, even in the act of crying out murder, you were capable of noticing all the complicated sentiments which you now tell us were in the assailant's cry."

"In great excitement one takes no note of the passage of time — a minute contains as much as an hour."

"And you expect us to believe that in that minute, and without the help of words, you were enlightened as to the meaning of the act by a mere inarticulate cry?"

"I tell you the impression produced on my mind, as I told it at the coroner's inquest," said Dr. Barrère steadily; "as I have told it to my friends from the first."

"Yet this did not prevent you from shouting murder?"

"No; it did not prevent me from calling for help in the usual way."

This was all that could be made of the doctor. It remained the strongest point in poor Jim's favor, who was, as everybody saw to be inevitable, condemned; yet recommended to mercy because of what Dr.

Barrère had said. Otherwise there were many features in the case that roused the popular pity. The bad character of the man who had been killed, the evil influence he was known to have exercised, the injury he had done to Jim himself and to so many others, and the very cause of the quarrel in which Jim had threatened and announced his intention of punishing him — all these things, had Jim been tried in France, would have produced a verdict modified by extenuating circumstances. In England it did not touch the decision, but it produced that vague recommendation to mercy with which pity satisfies itself when it can do no more.

Dr. Barrère took the unfortunate mother and sister home. Mrs. Surtees, broken as she was, could not be absent from the court when her son's fate was to be determined. She was as one stricken dumb as they took her back. Now and then she would put her trembling hands to her eyes as if expecting tears which did not come. Her very heart and soul were crushed by the awful doom which had been spoken. And the others did not even dare to exchange a look. The horror which enveloped them was too terrible for speech. It was only after an interval had passed, and life, indomitable life which always rises again whatever may be the anguish that subdues it for a moment, had returned in pain and fear to its struggle with the intolerable, that words and the power of communication returned. Then Dr. Barrère told the broken-hearted women that both he himself and others in the town who knew Jim, with all the influence that could be brought to bear, would work for a revision of the sentence. It was upon his own evidence that the hopes, which those who were not so deeply, tremendously interested, but who regarded the case with an impartial eye, began to entertain, were founded. "I hope that the home secretary may send for me," he said; "they think he will. God grant it!" He too had worked himself into a kind of hope.

"Oh," cried Agnes, melting for the first time into tears at the touch of a possible deliverance, "if we could go, as they used to do, to the queen, his mother and his sister, on our knees!"

Mrs. Surtees sat and listened to them with her immovable face of misery. "Don't speak to me of hope, for I cannot bear it," she said. "Oh, don't speak of hope; there is none — none! Nothing but death and shame."

"Yes, mother;" said Dr. Barrère, and

he added under his breath, "whatever happens—whatever happens—there shall be no death of shame."

## CHAPTER V.

THE recommendation to mercy was very strong; almost all the principal people in the town interested themselves, and the judge himself had been persuaded to add a potent word; but as he did so he shook his head, and told the petitioners that their arguments were all sentimental. "What does your lordship say then to the doctor's testimony?" was asked him, upon which he shook his head more and more. "The doctor's testimony, above all," he said. "Mind you, I think that probably the doctor was right, but it is not a solid argument, it is all sentiment; and that is what the Home Office makes no account of." This was very discouraging. But still there was a certain enthusiasm in the town in Jim's favor, as well as a natural horror that one who really belonged (if he had kept his position) to the best class, should come to such an end; and the chief people who got up this recommendation to mercy were warm supporters of the government. That, too, they felt convinced, must tell for something. And there reigned in Poolborough a certain hope, which Dr. Barrère sometimes shared.

Sometimes; for on many occasions he took the darker view—the view so universal and generally received, that the more important it is for you that a certain thing should come to pass, the more you desire it, the less likely it is to happen. And then he would ask himself was it so important that it should come to pass? At the best it was still true that Jim had killed this man. If he were not hanged for it he would be imprisoned for life; and whether it is worse to have a relative who has been hanged for a crime or one who is lingering out a long term of imprisonment for it, it is hard to tell. There did not seem much to choose between them. Perhaps even the hanging would be forgotten soonest—and it would be less of a burden. For to think of a brother in prison, who might emerge years hence with a ticket-of-leave, a disgraced and degraded man, was something terrible. Perhaps on the whole it would be best that he should die. And then Dr. Barrère shuddered. Die! Ah! if that might be, quietly, without demonstration. But as it was—And then he would begin again, against his will, that painful circle of thought—"the brother was hanged."

That was what people would say. After the horror of it had died out fantastic patients would cry, "The brother of a man who was hanged! Oh, no! don't let us call in such a person." The ladies would say this; they would shudder yet perhaps even laugh, for the pity would be forgotten, even the horror would be forgotten, and there would remain only this suggestion of discomfort—just enough to make the women feel that they would not like to have him, the brother of a man who was hanged, for their doctor. Dr. Barrère tried all he could to escape from this circle of fatal thought; but however hard he worked, and however much he occupied himself, he could not do so always. And the thought went near sometimes to make him mad.

He had, however, much to occupy him, to keep thought away. He was the only element of comfort in the life of the two miserable women who lived under the shadow of death, their minds entirely absorbed in the approaching catastrophe, living through it a hundred times in anticipation, in despair which was made more ghastly and sickening by a flicker of terrible hope. Mrs. Surtees said that she had no hope; she would not allow the possibility to be named; but secretly dwelt upon it with an intensity of suspense which was more unendurable than any calamity. And when Agnes and her lover were alone this was the subject that occupied them to the exclusion of all others. Their own hopes and prospects were all blotted out as if they had never been. He brought her reports of what was said, and what was thought on the subject among the people who had influence, those who were straining every nerve to obtain a reprieve; and she hung upon his words breathless with an all-absorbing interest. He never got beyond the awful shadow, or could forget it, and went about all day with that cloud hanging over him, and frightened his patients with his stern and serious looks. "Dr. Barrère is not an encouraging doctor," they began to say, "he makes you think you are going to die;" for the sick people could not divest themselves of the idea that it was their complaints that were foremost in the doctor's mind and produced that severity in his looks.

But all this was light and easy to the last of the many occupations which filled Dr. Barrère's time and thoughts, and that was Jim—Jim alone in his prison, he who never had been alone, who had been surrounded all day long with his companions

— the companions who had led him astray. No, they had not led him astray. Langton, who was dead, whom he had killed, had not led him astray, though he now thought so, or said so, bemoaning himself. Such a thing would be too heavy a burden for any human spirit. A man cannot ruin any more than he can save his brother. His own inclinations, his own will, his love for the forbidden, his idle wishes and follies — these were what had led him astray. And now he was left alone to think of all that, with the shadow before him of a hideous death at a fixed moment — a moment drawing nearer and nearer, which he could no more escape than he could forget it. Jim had many good qualities amid his evil ones. He was not a bad man; his sins were rather those of a foolish, self-indulgent boy. His character was that of a boy. A certain innocency, if that word may be used, lay under the surface of his vices, and long confinement away from all temptation had wrought a change in him like that that came over the leper in the Scriptures, whose flesh came again as the flesh of a little child. This was what happened to Jim, both bodily and mentally. He languished in health from his confinement, but yet his eyes regained the clearness of his youth, and his mind, all its ingenuousness, its power of affection. Lying under sentence of death he became once more the lovable human creature, the winning and attractive youth he had been in the days before trouble came. All clouds save the one cloud rolled off his soul. In all likelihood he himself forgot the course of degradation through which he had gone; everything was obliterated to him by the impossibility of sinning more — everything except the one thing which no self-delusion could obliterate, the unchangeable doom to which he was approaching day by day. Jim had none of the tremors of a murderer. He concealed nothing; he admitted freely that the verdict was just, that it was he who had lurked in the dark and awaited the villain — but only he had never meant more than to punish him. "It is all quite true what the doctor says. I knocked him down. I meant to beat him within an inch of his life. God knows if he deserved it at my hands, or any honest man's hands. And then it came over me in a moment that he never moved, that he never made a struggle. It was not because there were people coming up that I ran away. It was horror, as the doctor says. Nothing can ever happen to me again so dreadful as

that," said Jim, putting up his handkerchief to wipe his damp forehead. And yet he could tell even that story with tolerable calm. He was not conscious of guilt; he had meant to do what he felt quite justifiable — rather laudable than otherwise — to thrash a rascal "within an inch of his life." He had expected the man to defend himself; he had been full of what he felt to be righteous rage, and he did not feel himself guilty now. He was haunted by no ghost; he had ceased even to shudder at the recollection of the horrible moment in which he became aware that instead of chastising he had killed.

But when his momentary occupation with other thoughts died away and the recollection of what lay before him came back, the condition of poor Jim was a dreadful one. To die — for that! — to die on Thursday, the 3rd of September, at a horrible moment — fixed and unchangeable. To feel the days running past remorselessly, swift without an event to break their monotonous flying pace — those days which were so endlessly long from dawn to twilight, which seemed as if they would never be done, which had so little night, yet which flew noiselessly, silently, bringing him ever nearer and nearer to the end. Poor Jim broke down entirely under the pressure of this intolerable certainty. Had it been done at once, the moment the sentence had been pronounced; but to sit and wait for it, look for it, anticipate it, know that every hour was bringing it nearer, that through the dark and through the day, and through all the endless circles of thoughts that surrounded and surrounded it, it was coming, always coming, not to be escaped! Jim's nerves broke down under this intolerable thing that had to be borne. He kept command of himself when he saw his mother and sister, but with Dr. Barrère he let himself go. It was a relief to him for the wretched moment. Save for the moment, nothing, alas, could be a relief — for whether he contrived to smile and subdue himself, or whether he dashed himself against the wall of impossibility that shut him in, whether he raved in anguish or madness, or slept, or tried to put a brave face upon it, it was coming all the time.

"It is sitting and waiting that is the horrible thing," he said; "to think there is nothing you can do. That's true, you know, doctor, in 'Don Juan,' about the people that plunged into the sea to get drowned a little sooner and be done with it — in the shipwreck, you know. It's

waiting and seeing it coming that is horrible. It is just thirteen days to-day. Death isn't what I mind; it's waiting for it. Will it be — will it be very — horrible, do you think — at the moment — when it comes?"

"No," said Dr. Barrère, "if it comes to that, not horrible at all — a moment, no more."

"A moment — but you can't tell till you try what may be in a moment. I don't mind, doctor; something sharp and soon would be a sort of relief. It is the sitting and waiting, counting the days, seeing it coming — always coming. Nobody has a right to torture a fellow like that — let them take him and hang him as the lynchers do, straight off." Then Jim was seized with a slight, convulsive shudder. "And then the afterwards, doctor? for all your science you can't tell anything about that. Perhaps you don't believe in it at all. I do."

Dr. Barrère made no reply. He was not quite clear about what he believed; and he had nothing to say on such a subject to this young man standing upon the verge, with all the uncertainties and possibilities of life still so warm in him, and yet so near the one unalterable certainty. After a minute Jim resumed.

"I do," he said firmly. "I've never been what you call a sceptic. I don't believe men are; they only pretend, or perhaps think so, till it comes upon them. I wonder what they'll say to a poor fellow *up there*, doctor? I've always been told they understand up there — there can't be injustice done like here. And I've always been a true believer. I've never been led away — like that."

"It isn't a subject on which I can talk," said the doctor unsteadily; "your mother and Agnes, they know. But, Jim, for the love of God don't talk to them as you are doing now. Put on a good face for their sakes."

"Poor mother!" said Jim. He turned all at once almost to crying — softened entirely out of his wild talk. "What has she done to have a thing like this happen to her? She is a real good woman — and to have a son hanged, good Lord!" Again he shivered convulsively. "She won't live long, that's one thing; and perhaps it'll be explained to her satisfaction up there. But that's what I call unjust, Barrère, to torture a poor soul like that, that has never done anything but good all her life. You'll take care of Agnes. But mother will not live long, poor dear. Poor dear!" he repeated with a tremu-

lous smile. "I suppose she had a happy life till I grew up — till I — I wonder what I could be born for, a fellow like me, to be hanged!" he cried with a sudden, sharp anguish in which there was the laughter of misery and the groan of despair.

Dr. Barrère left the prison with his heart bleeding; but he did not abandon Jim. On the contrary, there was a terrible attraction which drew him to the presence of the unfortunate young man. The doctor of Poolborough Jail, though not so high in the profession as himself, was one of Dr. Barrère's acquaintances, and to him he went when he left the condemned cell. The doctor told his professional brother that Surtees was in a very bad state of health. "His nerves have broken down entirely. His heart — haven't you remarked? — his heart is in such a state that he might go at any moment."

"Dear me," said the other, "he has never complained that I know of. And a very good thing too, Barrère; you don't mean to say that you would regret it if anything did happen before —"

"No," said the doctor, "but the poor fellow may suffer. I wonder if you'd let me have the charge of him, Maxwell? I know you're a busy man. And it would please his mother to think that I was looking after him. What do you say?"

The one medical man looked at the other. Dr. Barrère was pale, but he did not shrink from the look turned upon him. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Barrère," said the prison doctor at last. "I am getting all wrong for want of a little rest. Feel my hand — my nerves are as much shaken as Surtees's. If you'll take the whole for a fortnight, so that I may take my holiday —"

Dr. Barrère thought for a moment. "A fortnight? That will be till after — I don't know how I am to do it with my practice; but I will do it, for the sake of — your health, Maxwell; for I see you are in a bad way."

"Hurrah!" said the other, "a breath of air will set me all right, and I shall be forever obliged to you, Barrère." Then he stopped for a moment and looked keenly in his face. "You're a better man than I am, and know more; but for God's sake, Barrère, no tricks — no tricks. You know what I mean," he said.

"No, I don't know what you mean. I know you want a holiday, and I want to take care of a case in which I am interested. It suits us both. Let me have all the details you can," said Dr. Barrère.



## CHAPTER VI.

THE day had come, and almost the hour. The weary time had stolen, endless, yet flying on noiseless wings; an eternity of featureless, lingering hours, yet speeding, speeding towards that one fixed end. And there was no reprieve. The important people of Poolborough had retired sullenly from their endeavors. To support a government faithfully and yet not to have one poor favor granted — their recommendation to mercy turned back upon themselves; they were indignant, and in that grievance they forgot the original cause of it. Still there were one or two still toiling on. But the morning of the fatal day had dawned and nothing had come.

To tell how Mrs. Surtees and Agnes had lived through these days is beyond our power. They did not live; they dragged through a feverish dream from one time of seeing him to another, unconscious what passed in the mean time, except when some messenger would come to their door, and a wild blaze and frenzy of hope would light up in their miserable hearts; for it always seemed to them that it must be the reprieve which was coming, though each said to herself that it would not, could not, come. And when they saw Jim, that one actual recurring point in their lives was perhaps more miserable than the intervals. For to see him, and to know that the hour was coming ever nearer and nearer when he must die; to sit with him, never free from inspection, never out of hearing of some compulsory spectator; to see the tension of his nerves, the strain of intolerable expectation in him — was almost more than flesh and blood could bear. They had privileges which were not allowed in ordinary cases — for were not they still ranked among the best people of Poolborough, though beaten down by horrible calamity? What could they say to him? Not even the religious exhortations, the prayers which came from other lips less trembling. They were dumb. "Dear Jim," and "God bless you," was all they could say. Their misery was too great, there was no utterance in it; a word would have overthrown the enforced and awful calm. And neither could he speak. When he had said "Mother" and kissed her, and smiled, that was all. Then they sat silent holding each other's hands.

Through all this Dr. Barrère was the only human supporter of the miserable family. He had promised to stand by Jim to the end, not to leave him till life had

left him — till all was over. And now the supreme moment had nearly come. The doctor was as pale, almost paler than he who was about to die. There was an air about him of sternness, almost of desperation; yet to Jim he was tender as his mother. He had warned the authorities what he feared, that agitation and excitement might even yet rob the law of its victim. He had been allowed to be with the condemned man from earliest dawn of the fatal morning in consequence of the warning he had given, but it appeared to the attendants that Jim himself bore a less alarming air than the doctor, whose colorless face and haggard eyes looked as if he had not slept for a week. Jim, poor Jim, had summoned all his courage for this supreme moment. There was a sweetness in his look that added to its youthfulness. He looked like a boy; his long imprisonment and the enforced self-denial there was in it, had chased from his face all stains of evil. He was pale and worn with his confinement and with the interval of awful waiting, but his eyes were clear as a child's — pathetic, tender, with a wistful smile in them, as though the arrival of the fatal hour had brought relief. The old clergyman who had baptized him had come, too, to stand by him to the last, and he could scarcely speak for tears. But Jim was calm, and smiled; if any bit of blue sky was in that cell of the condemned, with all its grim and melancholy memories, it was in Jim's face.

The doctor moved about him not able to keep still, with that look of desperation, listening for every sound. But all was still except the broken voice of the old clergyman, who had knelt down and was praying. One of the attendants too had gone down on his knees. The other stood watching, yet distracted by a pity which even his hardened faculties could not resist. Jim sat with his hands clasped, his eyes for a moment closed, the smile still quivering about his mouth. In this stillness of intense feeling all observation save that of the ever-watchful doctor was momentarily subdued. Suddenly Jim's head seemed to droop forward on his breast; the doctor came in front of him with one swift step, and through the sound of the praying called imperatively, sharply, for wine, wine! The warder who was standing rushed to fill it out, while Dr. Barrère bent over the fainting youth. It all passed in a moment, before the half-said sentence of the prayer was completed. The clergyman's voice wavered, stopped — and then resumed again, finishing the phrase,

notwithstanding the stir and hurried movement, the momentary breathless scuffle, which a sudden attack of illness, a fit or faint, always occasions. Then a sharp sound broke the stillness — the crash of the wineglass which the doctor let fall from his hand after forcing the contents, as it seemed, down the patient's throat. The old clergyman, on his knees still, paused and opening his eyes gazed at the strange scene, not awakening to the seriousness of it, or perceiving any new element introduced into the solemnity of the situation for some minutes, yet gazing with tragic eyes, since nothing in the first place could well be more tragic. The little stir, the scuffle of the moving feet, the two men in motion about the still figure in the chair, lasted for a little longer; then the warder uttered a stifled cry. The clergyman on his knees, his heart still in his prayer for the dying, felt it half profane to break off into words to men in the midst of those he was addressing to God — but forced by this strange break cried, "What is it? — what has happened?" in spite of himself.

There was no immediate answer. The doctor gave some brief, quick directions, and with the help of the warder lifted the helpless figure, all fallen upon itself like a ruined house, with difficulty to the bed. The limp, long, helpless limbs, the entire immobility and deadness of the form struck with a strange chill to the heart of the man who had been interceding, wrapt in another atmosphere than that of earth. The clergyman got up from his knees, coming back with a keen and awful sense of his humanity. "Has he — fainted?" he asked with a gasp.

Once more a dead pause, a stillness in which the four men heard their hearts beating; then the doctor said, with a strange brevity and solemnity, "Better than that — he is dead."

Dead! They gathered round and gazed in a consternation beyond words. The young face, scarcely paler than it had been a moment since, the eyes half shut, the lips fallen apart with that awful opening which is made by the exit of the last breath, lay back upon the wretched pillow in all that abstraction and incalculable distance which comes with the first touch of death. No one could look at that, and be in any doubt. The warders stood by dazed with horror and dismay, as if they had let their prisoner escape. Was it their fault? Would they be blamed for it? They had seen men go to the scaffold before with little feeling, but they had

never seen one die of the horror of it, as Jim had died.

While they were thus standing a sound of measured steps was heard without. The door was opened with that harsh turning of the key which in other circumstances would have sounded like the trumpet of doom, but which now woke no tremor, scarcely any concern. It was the sheriff and his grim procession coming for the prisoner. They streamed in and gathered astonished about the bed. Dr. Barrère turned from where he stood at the head, with a face which was like ashes — pallid, stern, the nostrils dilating, the throat held high. He made a solemn gesture with his hand towards the bed. "You come too late," he said.

The men had come in almost silently, in the excitement of the moment swelling the sombre circle to a little crowd. They thronged upon each other and looked at him, lying there on the miserable prison bed, in the light of the horrible grated windows, all awestricken in a kind of grey consternation not knowing how to believe it; for it was a thing unparalleled that one who was condemned should thus give his executioner the slip. The whisper of the sheriff's low voice inquiring into the catastrophe broke the impression a little. "How did it happen — how was it? Dead! But it seems impossible. Are you quite sure, doctor, that it is not a faint?"

The doctor waved his hand almost scornfully towards the still and rigid form. "I foresaw it always; it is — as I thought it would be," he said.

"His poor mother!" said the clergyman with a sort of habitual conventional lamentation, as if it could matter to that poor mother! Dr. Barrère turned upon him quickly. "Go to them — tell them — it will save them something," he said with sudden eagerness. "You can do no more here."

"It seems impossible," the sheriff repeated, turning again to the bed. "Is there a glass to be had? — anything — hold it to his lips! Do something, doctor. Have you tried all means? are you sure?" He had no doubt; but astonishment, and the novelty of the situation, suggested questions which really required no answer. He touched the dead hand and shuddered. "It is extraordinary, most extraordinary," he said.

"I warned you of the possibility from the beginning," said Dr. Barrère; "his heart was very weak. It is astonishing rather that he bore the strain so long."

Then he added with that stern look, "It is better that it should be so."

The words were scarcely out of his lips when a sudden commotion was heard as of some one hurrying along the stony passages, a sound of voices and hasty steps. The door which, in view of the fatal ceremonial about to take place, had been left open, was pushed quickly, loudly to the wall, and an important personage, the mayor of Poolborough, flushed and full of excitement, hurried in. "Thank God," he cried, wiping his forehead, "thank God it's come in time! I knew they could not refuse us. Here is the reprieve come at last."

A cry, a murmur rose into the air from all the watchers. Who could help it? The reprieve — at such a moment! This solemn mockery was more than human nerves could bear. The warder who had been poor Jim's chief guardian broke forth into a sudden loud outburst, like a child's, of crying. The sheriff could not speak. He pointed silently to the bed.

But of all the bystanders none was moved like Dr. Barrère. He fell backward as if he had received a blow, and gazed at the mayor speechless, his under lip dropping, his face livid, heavy drops coming out upon his brow. It was not till he was appealed to in the sudden explanations that followed that the doctor came to himself. When he was addressed he seemed to wake as from a dream, and answered with difficulty; his lips parched, his throat dry, making convulsive efforts to moisten his tongue, and enunciate the necessary words. "Heart disease — feared all the time —" he said, as if he had partly lost that faculty of speech. The mayor looked sharply at him, as if suspecting something. What was it? intoxication? So early, and at such a time? But Dr. Barrère seemed to have lost all interest in what was proceeding. He cared nothing for their looks. He cared for nothing in the world. "I'm of no further use here," he said huskily, and went towards the door as if he were blind, pushing against one and another. When he had reached the door, however, he turned back. "The poor fellow," he said, "the poor — victim was to be given to his family after — It was a favor granted them. The removal was to be seen to — tonight; there is no reason for departing from that arrangement, I suppose?"

The officials looked at each other, not knowing what to say, feeling that in the unexpected catastrophe there was something which demanded a change, yet un-

able on the spur of the moment to think what it was. Then the mayor replied faltering, "I suppose so. It need not make any change, do you think? The poor family — have enough to bear without vexing them with alterations. Since there can be — no doubt —" He paused and looked, and shuddered. No doubt, oh no doubt! The execution would have been conducted with far less sensation. It was strange that such a shivering of horror should overwhelm them to see him lying so still upon that bed.

"Now I must go — to my rounds," the doctor said. He went out, buttoning up his coat to his throat, as if he were shivering too, though it was a genial September morning, soft and warm. He went out from the dark prison walls into the sunshine like a man dazed, passing the horrible preparations on his way, the coffin! from which he shrank as if it had been a monster. Dr. Barrère's countenance was like that of a dead man. He walked straight before him as if he were going somewhere; but he went upon no rounds; his patients waited for him vainly. He walked and walked till fatigue of the body produced a general stupor, aiding and completing the strange collapse of the mind, and then mechanically, but not till it was evening, he went home. His housekeeper, full of anxious questions, was silenced by the look of his face, and had his dinner placed hastily and silently upon the table, thinking the agitation of the day had been too much for him. Dr. Barrère neither ate nor drank, but he fell into a heavy and troubled sleep at the table, where he had seated himself mechanically. It was late when he woke, and dark, and for a moment there was a pause of bewilderment and confusion in his mind. Then he rose, went to his desk and took some money out of it, and his cheque-book. He took up an overcoat as he went through the hall. He did not so much as hear the servant's timid question as to when he should return. When he should return!

After the body of poor Jim had been brought back to his mother's house and all was silent there, in that profound hush after an expected calamity which is almost a relief, Agnes, not able to rest, wondering in her misery why all that day her lover had not come near them, had not sent any communication, but for the first time had abandoned them in their sorrow, stood for a moment by the window in the hall to look if, by any possibility, he might still be coming. He might have been de-

tained by some pressing call. He had neglected everything for Jim; he might now be compelled to make up for it — who could tell? Some reason there must be for his desertion. As she went to the window, which was on a level with the street, it gave her a shock beyond expression to see a pallid face close to it looking in — a miserable face, haggard, with eyes that were bloodshot and red, while everything else was the color of clay — the color of death. It was with difficulty she restrained a scream. She opened the window softly and said, "Arnold! you have come at last!" The figure outside shrank and withdrew, then said, "Do not touch me — don't look at me. I did it: to save him the shame —"

"Arnold, come in, for God's sake! don't speak so — Arnold —"

"Never, never more! I thought the reprieve would not come. I did it. Oh, never, never more!"

"Arnold!" she cried, stretching out her hands. But he was gone. Opening the door as quickly as her trembling would let her, the poor girl looked out into the dark street, into the night; but there was no one there.

Was it a dream, a vision, an illusion of exhausted nature, unable to discern reality from imagination? No one ever knew; but from that night Dr. Barrère was never seen more in Poolborough, nor did any of those who had known him hear of him again. He disappeared as if he had never been. And if that was the terrible explanation of it, or if the sudden shock had maddened him, or if it was really he that Agnes saw, no one can tell. But it was the last that was ever heard or seen of Dr. Barrère.

M. OLIPHANT.

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From The Saturday Review.  
GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

THE progress of Germany has been scarcely less remarkable in the economic than in the military and political fields. Indeed, her extraordinary military achievements have been based upon the advance she had already made in trade and industry. Her progress took its start in the revival of national feeling at the end of last century. It was stimulated by the reforms that followed the French Revolution, including therein the great reforms of Stein and Hardenberg; by the care taken to promote popular education; by

the creation of the Zollverein; and by the diffusion of technical instruction. So extraordinary has been the progress that German competition is now severely felt not merely by her Continental neighbors, but even by this country. And yet Germany in many respects seems unfavorably situated for industrial development. Her seaboard is very short, and it gives upon a sea that for half the year at least is not favorable for maritime enterprise. The greater part of the country is not within easy access of the markets of the world. And the empire is surrounded by formidable military powers. Lastly, until the creation of the Zollverein she was split up into a multitude of petty states, each having its own tariff, and until the establishment of the empire each its own coinage and banking laws. A report, then, on German industrial development, by a competent authority who is not German and yet has lived long enough in the country to understand its people and its ways, is exceedingly valuable. Unfortunately the report just issued of Mr. Strachey, British *chargé d'affaires* at Dresden, bears too exclusively on the effects of the tariff legislation of 1879, and its revision this year. No doubt it would be highly instructive to trace, if we could, the effects of protective tariffs upon the trade of any great country; but the task is impracticable. The industrial development of every country is affected by such a multitude of influences that it is impossible to separate any one from the rest, or to trace its effects with any confidence. If we look at the economic history of the great countries of the world during the past forty years we shall see everywhere marvellous and almost unprecedented progress. The progress is almost equally great in free-trade countries and in countries with high protective tariffs; or if there is an exception — as, for example, in the case of the United States — it is easy to see that the greater progress made by the United States is due mainly to the possession of almost boundless resources in the shape of unemployed fertile land and to the annual additions made to the population by immigration. Confining our view to the old countries, it is difficult to say whether the progress made by free-trade countries is greater than that by protectionist countries. And even if this were not so, it is obvious that six years constitute too short a period to admit of any fair judgment of the effect of the legislation of 1879 upon the trade development of the German Empire.

As might have been expected, Mr. Strachey is unable to say with any confidence whether the legislation has been beneficial or harmful. In his final summing up he says: "The above survey of manufacturers and trade will probably be thought to have established that no single answer can be given to the inquiry, How far has the industry of the German Empire been helped or hurt by protection?" And immediately after he says: "There can be no doubt that jute has been almost kept alive by the tariff of 1879, while woollens and worsteds owe it at most a trifling debt, silk nothing. Analyzing cotton apart we obtain a divided result; spinners have been enriched at the cost of weavers, and the foundations of certain new branches of business have been laid. Then, if soda and table oils have thriven, aniline dyes and alizarine have not; while the effects of the tariff on ceramics, glass, and paper are almost invisible. So with metallurgical products; the blast furnace may have been mainly kept in fire by the subsidy from the State, and ironwares have gained, while machinery has been thriving on its own intrinsic merits." It is obvious, however, that the tendency of protection is to promote the growth of manufacturing industry. When the home market is kept clear for the home producer it would be odd indeed if he did not thrive. On the other hand, since foreign products are excluded, the general body of consumers are compelled to pay dearly for what they consume. In the opinion of one school this is not a disadvantage in the long run, because the establishment of a varied industry is held to be so great as to be worth paying for; in the opinion of another school, industries bolstered up in this way never can stand alone, and the country, by diverting its industry from its natural course, is preparing for itself in the long run only misfortune. As regards Germany in particular, however, it must always be borne in mind that the real object Prince Bismarck had in view in the legislation of 1879 was much more political than commercial. He needed a larger revenue, and it was easier to obtain it by protective duties than in any other way. Meanwhile the main point that comes out from Mr. Strachey's report is that the duties, whether they have benefited or not, certainly have not injured German manufacturers in such a way as to disable the country from competing most severely with even the most advanced countries. While our own silk trade has practically died out, Mr. Strachey shows

that the silk trade of Germany is fairly prosperous, and that it is competing even with Lyons with very considerable success. Again, in some departments German manufacturers are competing successfully with our own manufacturers, while every year Germany is emancipating herself more and more from dependence upon British manufactures. A curious instance of the way in which great inventions act in disappointing the calculations of the most far-seeing is contained in this report. Until the Thomas-Gilchrist process of steel manufacture was invented the German manufacturers were dependent for their iron material to a very large extent upon this country; but the new process enables them to use German iron almost exclusively, and thus Germany is becoming independent of this country even for pig iron in the manufacture of steel. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Thomas-Gilchrist process has been adopted more generally in Germany than in England, and that the German converters are of greater capacity than our own.

The truth seems to be that the progress of Germany depends much more upon the education of her people and upon their scientific knowledge than upon any legislation or other advantages. The workpeople all have the advantage of technical education; they have benefited, too, from the universal liability to military service, and they appear to be more sober and more amenable to discipline than our own workpeople; but it is mainly in the training of the employers and in the possession of scientific skill that Germany excels. Our manufacturers are not as well educated as the Germans generally. They do not know as many languages, for example, and they do not take the trouble to study the needs of their foreign customers. They rely too much upon the superiority of England already acquired, and take too little trouble to perpetuate that superiority. The Germans, on the contrary, feel their inferiority, and endeavor to make up for it by the cultivation of skill and knowledge. To take a single instance, the German sugar trade is beating all competition, simply because the German chemists are the best in the world. And the manufacturers spare no cost in availing themselves of the chemical skill that is at their disposal. On the other hand, against whatever advantages may be possessed by Germany in the way of longer hours and cheaper wages, is to be set the new State socialist legislation,



which is imposing burdens upon employers that may be set off against any disadvantages the English employers labor under. Much more potent than cheap labor, and perhaps not less influential than widespread technical education and scientific skill, is the influence of military success, and the exaction of a heavy indemnity from France. Writers and speakers on economic subjects attach entirely too little importance to the influence exercised upon trade by great national achievements. A people who are elated by victory have much more courage to embark in every kind of enterprise than a people who are not, and almost all experience shows that a period of great national success is also a period of rapid advance economically. Nor is this surprising when we bear in mind that enterprise means a disposition to take a hopeful view of ventures on which people embark. Confidence, too,

in the readiness of the government to give traders any support they need has great influence. Obviously a German at present is much more likely to engage in risky enterprises in Africa or the far East than is an Englishman. Lastly, the French indemnity must have aided German enterprise immensely. The indemnity amounted perhaps to two years' savings of the whole German people, and the addition of so immense a sum to the resources of the empire must have enabled German trade to expand at a rate that it could not have increased at under other circumstances. This aspect of the case is perhaps the most serious, for it cannot be doubted that the proof afforded by Germany of the advantage a nation derives from exacting a great indemnity from a vanquished foe will tend in the future to encourage wars for the very sake of the indemnities they will bring.

**ARMSTRONG'S GUN.**—Formerly guns were made of compositions known as gun-metals; now steel can be made having all the needful toughness and elasticity. At first it is rough bored, should it not, as in the case of the Benbow gun, have been cast hollow. To bore it is a long job, continuing night and day from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon, and takes, even in the case of a thirty-foot barrel, more than a week. It is a work of exceeding care, for the slightest deviation in any direction would spoil the ingot. After the rough boring the tube is taken on the crane to the oil-pit to be tempered by being raised to a red heat and dipped; and it then comes back for the fine boring. In our 110-ton gun this will occupy three months, during which time the cutters pass up the tube three or four times, each pass taking two or three weeks, each paring away a thinner shaving than the last, until in the final pass perhaps only the five-hundredth of an inch will be removed. The next process is turning the outside to receive the coils, and this is now going on with the gun in front of us, the bright steel shavings curling off like lengthy paper spills, looking so innocent, and being really so hot that our hands cannot hold them. As the huge lathe goes slowly round—and some of the lathes have twenty-foot chucks and sixty-foot beds—the cutter seems to strip the shavings off as easily as a finger-nail would gouge them out from a cylinder of soap, and the rest seems to travel up the slide no faster than the hour hand of a clock. The turning being ended, the barrel is ready for the hoops, which are forged in the hoop-shop at the other end of the factory. The hoop is taken to one of the twenty-five feet drilling machines. Its inside is cut out to be just a little smaller than the barrel. It is then taken back to the forge and re-heated by

gas to a less than a red heat, and it is then slipped over the barrel, while cold water is run through the bore to keep all cool. When this is done the gun is upright in a pit, the rings being dropped on to it by the crane. The gun is now built up and ready for rifling. A 110-tonner will take a month on the rifling machine. A drum the size of the bore is thrust down it. At the end of the drum is a tooth-like cutter, which can be set at any pitch, and as it comes back out of the gun it cuts a groove, which it has to traverse again and again until it is of the requisite depth and width. Were there no other arrangements the groove would be straight, but by means of the sloping bar on which the framework travels a rack is worked against a pinion, the pinion receives its twist, and the drum, gradually turning as it retires, gives the spiral curve of the rifling. As the slope of the guide is constant the curve is constant, and the pitch of the rifling can be altered at will by the pitch of the bar. Over each groove the cutter has to travel perhaps a dozen times, and, as there are eighty grooves to finish, the cutter may have to make over nine hundred journeys, at every journey taking off from a fiftieth to a twenty-fifth of an inch. Were the cutter to go wrong, the fourteen miles it may have had to travel up and down the bore would have been travelled in vain, the gun would be spoiled, and £15,000 of work and material thrown away. When the guns are rifled, cleaned, and completed, an impression in gutta-percha is taken of their insides, and they are taken away to be proved, unless they are for our own government. One of the trial ranges is at Ridsdale, thirty-five miles away to the north-west; the machine guns are tried near Rothbury; and the big guns go to the tidal range near Silloth, on the western coast.